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Magazine for  
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Good Reading.*

# THE LIGUORIAN

*July*

**1942**

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Essays . . . . . **On Being Poor**

E. F. MILLER

**Romantic Rings**

C. FARRELL

**On Paying Debts**

C. DUHART

Stories . . . . . **Professional Manner**

L. G. MILLER

**BLOOD!**

E. F. MILLER

War Aims . . . . . **In Favor of Fear**

D. F. MILLER

**Priest on the Battlefield**

B. LANGTON

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## AMONGST OURSELVES

Everybody admits that *morale* is very important during a war, both for the fighting men and the folks back home. Not everybody, however, senses the significance of the fact that the word *morale* is intimately related to the word *morals*. *Morals* make *morale*; the unmoral, amoral, and immoral man cannot have a high-spirited *morale*, because the latter means a sense of direction, a sense of confidence, a sense of certainty based on the fact that one is keeping God on his side by fidelity to His laws.

There are many suggestions being made these days concerning the means of maintaining *morale*. None is so important as that which THE LIGUORIAN is hammering at month after month, viz., that every citizen check his morals

and keep himself right with God. This purpose too is behind the things that all are asked to do for the men in the ranks: all must support and help the USO because it removes soldiers from occasions of sin; all should write frequently to their relatives, friends and acquaintances who are serving their country, because this will uphold their determination to remain good and clean and pure; all should pray daily for those who are fighting for the freedom of the nation because the grace of God can accomplish things that no human power can do.

Make THE LIGUORIAN your monthly reminder of the meaning of *morale*. It will never permit you to forget that without good *morals*, *morale* is impossible, and that without *morale* in that sense the nation is doomed.

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### The Liguorian

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# THE LIGUORIAN



*A Popular Monthly Magazine  
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth*

*According to the Spirit of St.  
of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXX

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No. 7

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### PRAYER FOR NURSES

O Lord, into my hands instil  
The gently wondrous healing skill  
Thy hands once wrought so patiently  
On all who brought their ills to Thee.

O Lord, Thy strength untiring lend —  
From weariness my eyes defend,  
When night-long vigils I shall keep  
With them whose pain hath banished sleep.

Thy mercy, Lord, to me impart  
For every aching, bleeding heart,  
That I, like Thee, may suffer till  
The voice of others' pain is still.

O Lord, let me find joy in this:  
Not that rewards I did not miss,  
But that no anguished soul hath said  
It left my care uncomforted.

— *D. F. Miller.*

## FATHER TIM CASEY, Junior

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### SPEAKING OF HOME . . .

E. F. MILLER

**Y**OUNG Father Tim Casey was on his way to New York — the first leg of the journey that would carry him to the interior of Brazil. He had volunteered for the foreign missions, with the oil of Holy Orders still fresh on his hands; and his offer had been accepted. It took him but two weeks to say his farewells (some of them teary, indeed), to pack his baggage and to settle up his affairs. But it was over now, and he was at last on his way.

He was traveling in an all-coach train, occupying the first seat at the front of the car. The two seats facing him were empty; so he had deposited on them his hat, his magazines and his portable luggage. He was now busily engaged in saying his office.

Surrounding him were soldiers and sailors, and the usual array of business men, mothers with their babies, and salesmen. But he could not help but notice that the young couple directly across from him were constantly casting glances in his direction. They would whisper briefly to one another, then swiftly look at him and as swiftly look away again. Evidently there was something on their mind. Father Tim decided to help them out. He closed his breviary at Prime, turned towards the young couple and smiled. That was all they needed. In a moment they were across the aisle and seated in the empty places before him. They were a handsome couple, no denying that, and perfectly groomed and tailored.

**“W**ERE so glad,” said the young lady. “George and I have been wanting to talk to you ever since we left Toledo where we first saw you.”

“Our name is Brannigan, Father,” put in the young man. “I’m George and this is Mary. And believe it or not, we’ve just been married.” George and Mary looked at each other; and only a blind man would have failed to see that actually they were just married.

“I can easily believe that,” said Father Tim with a smile. “In fact, I suspected it the moment I laid eyes on you. And, of course, with a name like Brannigan you belong to the brethren. And Mary has a

medal around her neck. That gives you away immediately. Congratulations." They shook hands all around.

"Thank you, Father." There was a pause. Then Mary spoke up.

"Father, we want to talk to you."

"Anything that's mine is yours."

"There are so many things on our mind. But especially our home. Both of us went to Catholic universities, and we heard so much about the breakdown of the home. We're afraid. We don't want ours to go to pieces — ever. Couldn't you give us some practical advice on how we can make our home the most solid and the most Catholic in all the world?"

FATHER TIM was looking out of the window. The tracks were flanked by shacks and sheds and tumbled-down houses. Junk filled the yards; and little children as well as grown-up men and women were slouching around, their faces and hands dirty, their clothes unkempt and their attitude listless and lazy.

"Did you see that messy stuff?" asked the priest. "By contrast it reminded me of my own home. I can't imagine a more wonderful home than the one I had. It was a big house with more than a dozen rooms in it. And it was a beautiful house. I guess it was about the finest house in the neighborhood. But all that, now that I look back, doesn't seem to matter so much. What I mean is, we would have had a wonderful home even though our house had been a hovel."

"How was that, Father?" asked George.

"It was my mother. She was a wonder. She could fix up anything, so extraordinary was her taste. But what made my home the delightful place that I remember, was the happy union of my mother's good taste with a living faith. For example, when she bought pictures for the house, she searched out every store until she found just what she wanted. The pictures that she finally secured may not have been expensive; but they were beautiful."

"I know," cried Mary. "I did the same thing myself. And you should see the darling etchings that I picked up for a song. There's that one of the sail boat driving through a terrific storm. Remember, George? It's a masterpiece. I'm going to hang it up in the most prominent place in our front room. Then there's the picture of . . ."

FATHER TIM held up his hand. "Wait a minute, Mary. I think you're getting my mother wrong. My mother's taste went along with her Catholicity. She didn't like storms and waves and ancient ruins as adornment for her walls. She liked pictures that reminded her of heaven, not only on account of their religious theme but also on account of their beauty. Beauty does remind one of heaven, you know. Well, our house was filled with prints of the great masters. Raphael's Madonna hung over the mantelpiece while Perpetual Help had a prominent place above the piano. In the dining room there was Di Vinci's Last Supper. And so on. You had no doubt about the religion of the residents of my house once you stepped inside the door."

"Whew!" said George. "It must have been more like church than like home. It must have been so pious that a fellow'd be afraid to talk."

"Not at all. The prevalence of religious pictures did anything but dampen our spirits. There was more singing and dancing and entertainment in our house than in any other in the block."

"Your mother must have been grand alright, Father. What else did she do?"

"Lots of things. She had a holy water font at the door of every bedroom, and she kept them filled with holy water too. She had a crucifix hanging on the wall of almost every room. And downstairs she had a Bible, which she made us read from time to time. She subscribed to so many Catholic magazines that the house seemed filled with them. And we children read them too — and enjoyed them."

"WHERE was your father when all this was going on?" asked George. "Was he just a fixture in the background?"

"Not for a minute. He was the leading spirit, pointing the way. He was, in St. Paul's sense, the head of the house. Dad was the general, and mother was the first officer. He gave the orders, and she saw to it that they were carried out. They may have disagreed sometimes, and undoubtedly did; but we kids knew nothing about it." The priest seemed lost in thought.

"But dad did more than give orders. He was a carpenter and cabinet-maker by trade. Well, one day he came home from work, ate his supper, and right afterwards disappeared upstairs. When he did not show up for an hour or so, we went up to investigate. There he was, in one of the spare rooms, measuring borders and things with a big stick. We

asked him what he was up to. He said, 'Children, I'm planning to build a chapel. Now, run along and let me figure this thing out.'"

"A chapel," said Mary. "And did he make it?"

"He certainly did. He made the most beautiful chapel you ever saw in your life. Groined roof, little pews just like in church, altar and all."

"Oh," sighed Mary. "That must have been wonderful. Imagine, George — a chapel in the house. But, Father, what did you use it for? You couldn't have Mass there."

"Once in awhile we did have Mass there. But the main reason was this. Every morning and evening the whole family assembled in the chapel to pray. Of course, not all of us children were there every morning. Mother and dad were anything but tyrants or puritans. But in the evening we generally didn't miss. When the boys and girls began to grow up and have their dates after supper, dad would lead us to the chapel right after he said grace. Even the dishes had to wait. During October and May we said the rosary there, taking turns in leading."

"**W**HAT prayers did you ordinarily say?" asked George.

"Oh, not very many. Acts of Faith, Hope, Charity and Contrition, and a few Hail Marys for different intentions. In the morning we always ended with the morning offering and in the evening with the Memorare. You know — 'Remember, O most gracious Virgin Mary' and so on. And many a time when I was a boy, I peaked in the chapel and saw mother and dad kneeling there all by themselves saying their prayers together. Mother always led, and dad answered."

"George," said Mary, "are you taking notes? This is the finest thing I ever heard."

"And here's another thing," added Father Tim. "As far back as I remember, my mother and father went to Mass and Communion every morning — in rain and shine, in blizzards and floods. And they raised eight children too."

"You must have spent just about all your youth in prayer," remarked George.

"Don't be silly. We spent eight hours in work, seven hours in sleep, two hours in eating, two hours in reading and two hours in recreation. We put in one hour traveling back and forth from work or school, and about half an hour in doing nothing — the great American pastime.

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That left an hour or so for prayer. Out of twenty-four hours, that isn't very much to give to God. Don't you think so?"

"Well, when you put it that way . . ."

"IT MUST have been the right way of doing things alright," continued the priest, "for not a son or daughter of the family has fallen by the wayside. Everyone's a credit to the folks. Two nuns, two priests, and the rest happily married and carrying on like their parents."

The conductor stuck his face in the car and called out, "Buffalo, Buffalo. This way out. Don't forget your packages."

"Here's where we get off," said Mary. "And thank you so much, Father. You surely gave us something to shoot at."

"But, say," cried Father Tim. "Didn't you ask me a question? Something on how to make your new home solid and so on? I ought to be thrown off the train. Me and my reminiscing. Maybe I'm a little homesick. You see I'm going away, and I just said goodbye to mother and dad. It sort of brings things back. So, forgive me, Mary, and you too, George. And when you get home, go and talk to your priest. He'll give you the advice you wanted from me."

HE WAVED them goodbye, and once more took up his breviary. He opened it at Prime.

### *Speaking of Declines*

Benjamin Franklin once stopped at an inn in France where he heard that the historian Gibbon, author of "The Decline of the Roman Empire," was also staying. Franklin courteously asked to spend the evening with him, but Gibbon refused, writing that he could not hold any conversation with a "revolted subject." Franklin replied, saying that when "the Decline and Fall of the British Empire should come to be his subject . . ." which could be soon expected — "he would be happy to furnish him with ample material which was in his possession."

### *Euphoniously Intoxicated*

The vocabulary of early Americans may have been limited in some respects, but they did not lack synonyms for drunkenness. Benjamin Franklin writes in one of his early journals: "They are seldom known to be drunk, tho' they are very often boozy, cogeys, tipsey, fow'd, merry, mellow, fuddl'd, groatable, Confoundedly cut, See two a Moons, are Among the Philistines, In a very good Humor, See the Sun, or The Sun has shone upon them, they clip the King's English, are Almost Froze, Feavourish, in their Altitudes, Pretty well enter'd, etc."

## **FOR WIVES AND HUSBANDS ONLY**

**D. F. MILLER**

*Complaint:* I have one complaint to make about my wife, only one, but that one is beginning to "gripe" me more and more. The trouble with her is that she talks too much. She jabbers continuously. The strange part of it is that the more she talks the more I am silent. As soon as I begin to feel irritated at her talking I shut up and resolve never to say another word. What is wrong with her, or should I say, with me?

*Solution:* Of course there is something wrong with both of you, as there is something wrong (from the continuous viewpoint of others) with almost every human being in the world. Your own trouble, since you are the one who is asking for help, is twofold: 1) that you let your wife's fault lead you into a fault just as bad; and 2) that you are not taking intelligent and kindly measures to modify her fault.

It is just as much a fault to sit resentfully silent and morose in the presence of others as it is to "hog" a conversation. This is true even in the case where others are doing more than their share of the talking. Most likely your wife's habit of continuous talking has waxed strong just on the strength of your silence. She talks, you grow silent, she talks more to cover up the silence, and you become more fixed in your silence. Thus it's a vicious circle that will keep on getting worse so long as you continue to give in to yourself. You've got to overcome your feelings (I hope you are not past forty, because it gets harder by the minute after that age) and not shut up like a clam when she is in a talking mood. Get some words in, even if you have to stop her in the middle of a sentence.

And that will be the beginning of a modification of her fault. If in a good-natured way, you insist on having your say, if once in a while you banter her without bitterness about her talking, if you see to it that you have something worth while to say now and then, and say it, you will soon notice some change. Temperamentally, no doubt, she is of the talkative kind, and you are more inclined to meditation. If you make an effort to talk a little more, and she is induced to talk a little less, a satisfactory solution for all will be evolved.



## IN FAVOR OF FEAR

---

You have read many articles, perhaps even books, against fear. Now read an article in defense of fear, and then put it into practice.

---

D. F. MILLER

THERE has been so much written in recent years about the dangers and evils of fear, that it is time someone raised his voice in defense of this bulwark of humanity, this protector of man against himself and his enemies. No one need deny that ungrounded fears and worries take a great toll of the vigor and strength of anyone who is subject to them; nevertheless it is possible that in being warned against unnecessary fear, many a person may go to the opposite extreme and neglect to heed the warnings and counsels of perfectly normal and necessary fears.

One may go farther and say that much of the world's trouble of the present time is due to a long and coolly developed anaesthesia to the kinds of fear that might have thrown up barriers against it. People may have had, as the psychiatrists insist, too much fear of their own possible personal misfortunes and thus may have often been rendered neurotic and unstable; but it is equally true that they have not had enough fear of the results of sin, the effects of social incompetence, and in general, the neglect of responsibilities that arise from the nature of man as an immortal creature of God and from his relationship of brotherhood with all other men.

In favor of healthy fear and its effects, much may be said. Nature (which means the God Who created Nature) does nothing uselessly. Since God created man with a capacity for and an instinct of fear, it can be assumed without further argument that fear has a purpose. Nor is that purpose hard to ascertain. It is man's primary means of self-defense and self-development. There are other means of self-defense and self-development, but these are usually superimposed upon a foundation of salutary fear. Fear of death and disease, fear of criminals on the loose, fear of avoidable accidents and misfortunes, lead to rational methods of protecting oneself in every possible way. Self-development starts with fear, because the child who as yet does not know what is for its good must be led toward the good by the hand of an authority that can awaken both reverential and practical fear. Even the mature man or

woman will usually obtain effective inspiration to self-advancement in various fields of endeavor by contemplating vivid pictures of what their future will be if they refuse to advance at all. The popular manuals of success continually hark back to the motive of fear: "Do you want to be a failure?" "Do you want to see your neighbors getting more money, more friends, more pleasures, etc. than you?" "Why be unpopular, neglected, lonely?" In other words, be afraid, if you want to win anything worth while in life.

Too much human initiative and enthusiasm have been squandered on just such kinds of fear, and too many neurotics have been made of people who feared too much the failure to attain success and popularity according to the standards of the world. And while they were thus giving in to artificially created fears, they were neglecting the natural and essential ones that might have done much to keep them sane and to prevent the catastrophe of a world-wide war. If there is to be a successful peace, people must learn to fear again, to fear the right things, to act on the motivation that such fear gives.

What are the right kinds of fear, necessary for the defense and development of human beings? They may be listed under three heads, even though they cross and re-cross one another. Each one has received its own measure of neglect in recent years, and each has to be restored before there will be lasting peace and secure happiness in the world.

#### 1. Fear of the Justice and Judgments of God.

The least and most ineffectual of the fundamental fears of human life has been, for a great number of people and for a long time past, the fear of God. It is so easy to quiet such fears, to drown them out or to annihilate them. God is invisible—even His wrath cannot be seen. God is patient—He does not usually smite in the moment of man's sins. A man can therefore deny that there is a God, in order to be relieved of all fear of Him. A man can say that God has no rights over him, and therefore has no right to be angry over anything he does. A man can manage to forget God, or to make God to his own image, or even to despise and hate God—all excellent ways of escaping the fear of God. But a man is thereby no more delivered from the consequences of his sins than a Christian Scientist is delivered of a pain in his stomach by the belief that he has no stomach at all.

Many things happen when many people relieve themselves of all fear of God. For some of these people He is willing to delay punish-

ment, because He is not limited by time or circumstance, and He has all eternity in which to prove that no man ever succeeds in flouting His laws with impunity. But usually He also permits punishment to begin even here in this world. It happens in this way: God, Who is the only capable protector of those who fear Him, turns those who do not fear Him over to the protectors whom they have chosen. Thus for example, a great many men in the past fifty years have chosen to abandon God in favor of what they called "Science." "We don't need God," they said. "We are afraid of nothing God can do. We have Science. Science will save us. Science will defend us. Science will enrich us. The only thing we fear is a lack of Science. Glory be to Science, the saviour of mankind." Therefore God, Who held these men in the palm of His hand all along, has turned them over to "Science." And right now "Science" is shooting them down in their homes, and consigning them to scientifically constructed concentration camps, and wiping out cities and nations, and devising ever newer and more deadly engines of destruction for everything made by man. Had men feared God, Science would not be destroying them now.

What God has done to the world at large because so many men did not fear Him, He does to individuals, one by one. If you say (or act out the saying) that you don't fear God, if you fear only poverty or lack of popularity, or inconvenience, or self-denial, if you trust in money or in "princes" or in power or in knowledge, to the exclusion of God, then God will surrender you up to the things you have trusted. And they will turn upon you and smite and crush and stifle and kill! If you want peace, in your own heart and in the world, begin by fearing God alone! Begin with fear and you will grow into love, for God will prove that He is the only hope of yourself and of the world.

## **2. Fear of the Returns from Injustice against One's Fellowmen.**

Those who have little or no fear of God usually have little fear of retribution from a wronged neighbor. The virtues of justice and charity should be practiced for unselfish motives; nevertheless such motives should be accompanied by the firm conviction that to evade the obligations they impose is to invite incredible suffering upon oneself. The world has had too little fear of individualism, that philosophy of life by which men live and act for themselves alone and with no sense of responsibility toward their fellowmen.

There are hundreds of examples, historic and contemporaneous, of

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the repercussions of individualism on those who have adopted it as a philosophy, and each one is sufficient in itself to awaken a salutary fear. When the nobility of France were rounded up and herded to the guillotine during the Reign of Terror, they were paying a terrible price for their own previous, callous neglect of their obligations to the common people, and the fact that the punishment was administered largely by depraved criminals and that many innocent persons were made to suffer with the guilty only intensifies the lesson that should be learned from it.

In modern times it is the same "rugged individualism" that paves the way for such cruel and destructive movements as godless Communism, tyrannical Nazism, and absolute Fascism. It is those who foster racial and national prejudices (e.g., against the Negroes), who one day wake up to find that by the suppression of the natural rights of others they have brought violence and destruction upon themselves. So long as justice and charity prevail among men, Communism will never gain a hearing, tyranny will never be countenanced, and race riots and civil wars will be impossible. The fear of these evils must become the starting point of a new era of justice and charity among men.

It is easy, in this matter, to hate and fear in a way that will do nothing to change conditions in the world. Many men are professing today an abiding hatred and fear of Nazism and Communism, which is easy, without showing a trace of fear of that in their own lives which has contributed to cause these movements, which is hard. Many men fear Hitler because he will, if victorious in the war, take away their cherished rights and freedoms; yet these same men have not been afraid to wage lifelong campaigns against granting to their workmen the right of a living wage. Many men hate and fear Japan because she is trying to take by force that which does not belong to her; they have never been afraid to take by force of trickery in business whatever they could wrest from their fellowmen. Hitlers and Stalins are made by the injustices practiced in men's private lives; unless men learn to hate the injustices that produce tyrants, there will never be peace in the world.

### **3. Fear of the Inexorable Retribution that Follows upon the Abuse of Nature.**

An abuse of nature is a deliberate violation of a law that is evident

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upon the nature of man and necessary for his well-being. Such laws need no declarations of authority, even though such declarations have been made. For example, anyone who thinks can perceive that a child is under a natural law of obedience and respect for parents; that there is a natural law written upon the powers of sex, determining that these powers be exercised only in reference to their evident purpose, viz., the procreation of children, and in a state where children can be properly born and reared; that there is a natural law concerning food and drink, by which these must be enjoyed without separation from their purpose, which is the nourishment and upkeep of the human body. These and other natural laws are eternal; they were made when man was created; they will not and cannot be changed so long as the nature of man remains. Every violation of these laws will be punished by the God Who created all nature; and the fear of that punishment should be one of the first deterrents to sin.

A great many men have not only been without such fear, they have even refused to accept the self-evident truth that there is such a thing as a natural law. Or rather, they have recognized only one law, and that a spurious one, viz., the law of pleasure, which maintains that to evade suffering and discomfort is the only necessity for man. But to live by such a law will spare no man from the penalties that Nature will demand from him who abuses her. To say that there is no law other than that of avoiding pain and pursuing pleasure can never suppress Nature's demands. It is not necessary to know a scientific definition of fire, nor even to believe in fire, to learn that it burns and consumes. Neither is it necessary to be able to give a philosophical definition of nature and natural law to learn that to despise them always brings punishment of a grave kind.

The child who refuses obedience and respect to parents pays for the temporary joy of rebellion and independence by becoming, actually or in effect, an outcast from the protection of its home. The man and woman who violate the law written upon their sex faculties, whether by self-abuse or adultery or contraception or the successive polygamy called divorce and remarriage, will pay for their fleeting indulgences by progressive restlessness, by feverish slavery to passion, by the loss of the respect of others, by the annihilation of home life, and often by physical disease and premature death.

It is true that considerations of this kind will not be sufficient

alone to deter human beings from the misuse of the nature God gave them; they were never intended, in the scheme of creation, to do that, but only to suggest on a small scale the vaster punishments God has in store for the violators of nature, in another world. The trouble with the world is that men have not been fearing either punishment in this world or in the next. Thus in many of their misfortunes, they are witnessing and experiencing what they should have feared; thus the beginning of reform will be found in fear.

**T**HIS, then, is an outright appeal for fear. It is an appeal to all sane and intelligent men and women to abandon the fear of little things, like poverty or hard work or unpopularity or sacrifice or responsibility. It is a strong recommendation that the right kind of fears be aroused in the soul — the kind that can really protect both body and soul, both individual and nation, from the only real harm that can befall them. If any man fears God and His anger, if he fears his neighbor only when and in so far as his neighbor is wronged and misused by his fellow men, if he has a deathly fear of violating the laws that are written boldly upon him and his various faculties, then he shall lead a calm and tranquil life, he will be spared the uprising of hate and revenge, and he will never be abandoned by God.

### Money Talks

Readers of the *North Adams Transcript*, a Massachusetts newspaper, were somewhat surprised recently to find the following couplet in the obituary column. It was surrounded by a black-bordered "In Memoriam" box, and read as follows:

\* "You are not forgotten, Mother dear, and never will you be,  
As long as life and money last, I will always think of thee."  
When the editor read it, he tore out one more handful of hair,  
and next day a correction was carried with the word "memory"  
inserted for "money."

### Epitaph Department

I await my wife  
1820  
I am here  
1830  
— *Paris*

## THE QUIZZING OF MICHAEL O'NEILL

---

Could you do better than Michael in answering the questions here put? If not, maybe you should study up on a very practical topic.

---

L. G. MILLER

*Scene: Radio Station WXYZ, during the regular Friday night quiz program. Mr. Michael O'Neill, who has been selected from the studio audience as tonight's average citizen, is standing before the microphone. He is a short and stocky man, with a ruddy face and a bristling head of hair, and at the moment he appears quite nervous. Standing beside Mr. O'Neill is the Master of Ceremonies; he is a noxiously personable young man, and his rich baritone voice makes one think of melted butter. In his hand he holds a sheaf of papers, which he rustles with a certain measure of self-importance. The announcer has just finished a three-minute commercial. We are now ready for the quizzing.*

*Master of Ceremonies:* And now, sir, will you step right up to the microphone and tell us your name?

*Mr. O'Neill:* Michael Patrick O'Neill.

*M. C.:* And your occupation?

*Mr. O'Neill:* Bartender.

*M. C.:* We have here, Mr. O'Neill, a little list of questions having to do with the use and care of the automobile. We think that in times such as these every car owner should take special care of his car, so as to keep it in serviceable condition as long as possible. Just how extensive is your knowledge of automobiles, Mr. O'Neill?

*Mr. O'Neill:* Well —

*M. C.:* Being a bartender, you should know something at least about lubricants, eh? Ha ha.

*Mr. O'Neill:* (hollowly) Ha ha.

*M. C.:* How long have you been driving a car, Mr. O'Neill?

*Mr. O'Neill:* For pretty near thirty years.

*M. C.:* You have, eh? Well, then, you certainly should know all about them. This test should be easy for you, Mr. O'Neill. You understand the way this quiz session works, don't you? We put seven questions to you. If you answer six of them correctly, you win \$100 plus

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a box of delicious Roasty-Toasty Candy Bars. If you get five right, you win \$50 plus a box of luscious Roasty-Toasty Candy Bars. If you get only four or less right, you win only a box of mouth-watering Roasty-Toasty Candy Bars. Which is, of course, no small item in itself, as any Roasty-Toasty fan will tell you. Is all this clear?

*Mr. O'Neill:* Yes, I guess so.

*M. C.:* Then, on with the quiz! Our first question, Mr. O'Neill, is an easy one. What is the most common cause of tire failure?

*Mr. O'Neill:* The most common cause of tire failure? Let's see, now. Would it be nails and broken glass and things of that nature on the highway?

*(At this answer, the quizmaster laughs in a gentlemanly way, and the studio audience, 75 per cent of whom would have answered in the same way, breaks out into a roar of laughter.)*

*M. C.:* No, Mr. O'Neill, I'm afraid that's wrong. The most common cause of tire failure is underinflation.

*Mr. O'Neill:* Underinflation?

*M. C.:* That's right, you're wrong, Mr. O'Neill. Come now, sir, it doesn't look so good for you, missing out on the very first question. Only six more to go, and you must answer five of them correctly in order to win your \$100 plus a box of Roasty-Toasties. Are you ready for question number two?

*Mr. O'Neill:* *(Wetting his lips nervously)* Yes, sir.

*M. C.:* The second question is this: What is the purpose of the Octane Selector?

*Mr. O'Neill:* The what?

*M. C.:* The Octane Selector. Surely you have heard of the Octane Selector, Mr. O'Neill. I'll give you a clue. It has something to do with the gasoline.

*Mr. O'Neill:* *(cautiously)* The Octane Selector is the thing that selects the gas.

*M. C.:* Well, that's pretty general, Mr. O'Neill. Could you tell us anything more about it? No? Well then, I'm afraid we'll have to mark you incorrect on that question. *(Reading from paper)* The Octane Selector is an adjustable spark control device which regulates the spark according to the octane rating of the type of fuel you are using. Is that clear, Mr. O'Neill?

*Mr. O'Neill:* No, it isn't.



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*M. C.:* *Well-ah-I-ah* — I'm afraid we haven't time to explain it further right now. We must pass on to the next question, and watch your step, Mr. O'Neill, watch your step, if you want to win that \$50 plus a box of tasty Roasty-Toasty candy. From now on you must register a perfect score. Question number three: Why should you "idle" a hot engine before turning off the ignition?

*Mr. O'Neill:* (*defiantly*) To let it cool off, I suppose.

*M. C.:* Well, yes. Could you enlarge on that statement a little? You couldn't? Don't you know that in idling the engine after a hard drive, you prevent the gasoline from forming bubbles in the pipe line?

*Mr. O'Neill:* Is that a fact, now!

*M. C.:* It's a fact, Mr. O'Neill. However, what you said was true as far as it went. We'll put you down as having answered that question correctly, Mr. O'Neill. Congratulations. Now for question number four. Why is it harmful to race a cold engine?

*Mr. O'Neill:* (*Wrinkles his brow in concentration, shakes his head hopelessly, and then makes a desperate stab in the dark*) Because it wears out the carburetor.

*M. C.:* (*With infinite patience*) No, Mr. O'Neill, I'm sorry, but it does not wear out the carburetor. Or at least, that isn't the first thing it does. What it does do is increase wear on the pistons, piston rings, and cylinders. I'm afraid we must put you down as wrong on that question, Mr. O'Neill. That leaves you with an average of only .250. You can't win a money prize any more, but you can still win a box of 24 delicious, crunchy Roasty-Toasty Candy Bars. Hitch your wagon to a star, Mr. O'Neill. Are you ready for question five? Here it is: Why is it bad to park under an elm tree?

*Mr. O'Neill:* (*thickly*) I don't think I understand you.

*M. C.:* Why, Mr. O'Neill, why is it bad to park your car under an elm tree?

*Mr. O'Neill:* An elm tree?

*M. C.:* That's right. Elm, e-l-m. Why shouldn't you park under that kind of a tree?

*Mr. O'Neill:* (*petulantly*) Saints above us! How can a man answer a question like that!

*M. C.:* (*soothingly*) Now, Mr. O'Neill, keep calm. Could it be that something is exuded from the elm tree which is harmful to the finish of the car?

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*Mr. O'Neill: (sullenly)* It could be, I guess.

*M. C.: Well, is it?*

*Mr. O'Neill: I guess so.*

*M. C.: That's 100 per cent right, Mr. O'Neill. Of course, the oily substance exuded doesn't really come from the tree itself, but from little insects which live on it. But if it comes from the insects who live on the tree, then it comes from the tree, doesn't it? Of course it does. Anyway, your answer was correct. Now then, question six, Mr. O'Neill. Do you know where oil does more harm than good in your car?*

*Mr. O'Neill: Come again with that one.*

*M. C.: Where would the use of oil in your car do more harm than good?*

*Mr. O'Neill: In the gasoline tank.*

*(This calls forth a laugh from everyone, including the quizmaster.)*

*(Mr. O'Neill looks around bewildered.)*

*M. C.: (Struggling to control his laughter)* Very true, very true. You're quite a wag, aren't you, Mr. O'Neill? We can't mark you wrong on that, even though it isn't the answer given by the book. Where else would too much oil do a lot of harm? How about the front wheel bearings?

*Mr. O'Neill: The front wheel bearings?*

*M. C.: Yes, the front wheel bearings. Don't you know that if you put too much oil in the front wheel bearings, the oil may work past the seals and get into the brakes?*

*Mr. O'Neill: And what happens then?*

*M. C.: (consults his paper)* It's — it's not good for them, that's all. It doesn't help them any. It — ah — it does them more harm than good. Passing now to question number seven, how can chewing gum be removed from the upholstery of a car? Think carefully. Mr. O'Neill. Remember, this is your last chance to win a big box of those wonderful Roasty-Toasty Candy bars.

*Mr. O'Neill: Well, to remove chewing gum from upholstery, I'd first take a razor blade —*

*M. C.: (with suppressed excitement)* That's right, Mr. O'Neill. Go on, go on. What would you do with the razor blade?

*Mr. O'Neill: Why, I'd simply scrape the stuff off.*

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*M. C.:* But wouldn't you put anything on the gum first to soften it? Think hard. It begins with c, and the second letter is a.

*Mr. O'Neill:* Carbolic acid.

*M. C.:* Not quite, Mr. O'Neill, not quite. But you're close. Actually it's carbon tetrachloride. And you shouldn't use a razor but a dull knife. However, you were close enough. You did splendidly, Mr. O'Neill. We're sorry you didn't win a cash prize, but here is your box of toothsome Roasty-Toasty Candy Bars. Thank you for your cooperation, Mr. O'Neill, and thank you, all you Roasty-Toasty fans. In closing, let us remind you once more: Remember Pearl Harbor, and remember also to be satisfied only with the best when you buy candy. Buy Roasty-Toasty Candy, and join the American parade to victory.

### Double Disguise

A venerable old man of the community was invited to award prizes at a fashionable dog show. He was shocked by the costumes worn by members of the fairer sex.

"Now look at that youngster," said he, "the one with the cropped hair, the cigarette, and breeches, holding the two pups. Is it a boy or girl?"

"A girl," said one of the persons standing nearby. "She's my daughter."

"Do forgive me!" said the elderly man, somewhat flustered. "I would never have been so outspoken had I known you were her father."

"I'm not her father. I'm her mother!"

—*Western Catholic.*

### At A Loss For Words

Interesting facts about the size of the average person's vocabulary were unearthed by L. P. Ayres some years ago. He secured thousands of letters, and made a survey of the words used in them. Altogether, about 240,000 words were used, but only about 2000 different words. Fifty per cent of the letters were able to get along on 50 words or less; in 75 per cent he was able to find only 300 different words; and 1000 different words were sufficient for 91 per cent of the letters. Compare these findings with the fact that Shakespeare is known to have had a usable vocabulary of more than 15,000 words.

## **THOUGHT FOR THE SHUT-IN**

L. F. HYLAND

### **ON DESPAIR**

A danger to every long-term shut-in is that of some form of despair. Essentially despair means the deliberate conviction that God has given one up, that the forgiveness of one's sins or the attainment of the happiness of heaven are entirely beyond one's reach. However there is also a despair that pertains to things of this world, though it signifies the same mistrust of God. In this latter sense, despair for a shut-in would mean both the conviction that God cannot and will not make Him well, and the belief that God cannot and will not make sickness bearable and a means of great gain and reward.

It is hard to understand how even a shut-in can despair of God's interest and help without showing some abnormality of mind. To despair of God's love in illness requires the passing over of many truths that are as clear as the alphabet. It requires a refusal to consider God's own choice in dying a terrible death at the age of thirty-three because that was the most perfect way of saving others. It requires unmindfulness of the many stupendous favors God has bestowed on sick persons, including ecstasies, visions, the gifts of prophecy and healing. It requires a blind sort of belief in the supreme value of life and health in this world, which God Himself proclaims to be not worth possessing for a moment at the expense of one's soul. These are old truths and simple truths; yet all the more is it a sign of weakness of mind if they be forgotten or rejected to the point of despair.

If despair does not begin with abnormality of mind, it usually ends there. The only real defense against despair, for both sick and well, is certainty of the future—and the only certainty in any one's future is God. All other things promise and fail; falter and change; deceive and disappoint. All other things are subject to God for whatever certainty they hold. The shut-in who clings to God, in the darkness and dread, in the pain and uneasiness, in the dying and death, will awaken to joy that will not even remember the price that was paid for it. The other, the despairing shut-in, the one who deliberately denies God and His goodness, will know naught but torture here or hereafter.

## ON BEING POOR

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You had better pass this article by if you happen to be rich, or even moderately well-fixed. Because this article will awaken envy, and you probably have enough passions already to contend with.

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E. F. MILLER

POOR men are like dadelions, — pretty, yet unnoticed, and thriving in the soil of every land upon the earth. They are to be found in times of prosperity as well as in times of depression — but especially in times of depression. It is then that they are as numerous as the stars in the sky and the sands on the seashore.

To define a poor man is not easy. On the surface he is an individual who owns only one suit of clothes, and that suit possibly tattered and patched or at least exceedingly shiny on account of many pressings; two hats (one for winter and one for summer); an outmoded automobile (if any); and a job that brings in twenty or twenty-five dollars a week. He lives in a house that has not too much paint on it, inside or out, that does not boast of fancy furniture, that just about has room for all the children (if the beds are stretched to accommodate two or sometimes three at the same time), but which goes under the satisfying title of home. A palace could do not more than that.

The poor man looks upon himself as only a boarder where he happens to live, for he has been told that in another land the carpenters and masons are busily engaged in building a castle for him that will be of the very best material and will outsmart even the home of Bing Crosby which is supposed to have cost a million or so. He has to live in crowded quarters and poor quarters until the work on his new house is finished. But he does not mind, for he has also been told that in this new castle there will be a faucet from which will flow the water of eternal youth — the kind of water that was sought by Ponce de Leon in Florida. One drink from that faucet will cure every ache and pain, and even put an end to death. So he does not mind what is happening to him right now. He considers it very much like the city of Washington at the present time, with its crowds and crowds of people; and very few of them finding comfortable lodgings.

**M**OST people want to be rich, very rich. They look with great envy upon the Astors and the Vanderbilts. When they cannot become very rich, they are content to settle for a position amongst the middle class. Not many prefer to be poor. This is strange. A poor man is not poor at all if one looks at it in the right way. He is only poor insofar as he has not much money and possessions. In unnumbered other ways he is more wealthy than Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Ford combined.

He is blessed with so many brothers and sisters wherever he goes; that should take away any loneliness that otherwise might settle down upon him. When he opens the front door of his house and sets out for the sidewalk, he does not have to walk a dozen paces before he runs into dozens and dozens of members of his family right there on the street. They are dressed like him, they act like him, they even look like him. When he goes to the beach (the free beach) or the movies (the corner theatre) or the drug store (for toothpaste), he is immediately surrounded by his relatives, people who know all about him because they know all about themselves.

The rich have not this happiness. Because it is so hard to become very rich, and because few have the single-track mind which is quite essential for the gathering of great riches, well, there just are not very many rich people in the world. A Pope once said that most of the wealth of the world is restricted to only a few men and women. The point is, that the majority of rich persons must be very lonesome. If a wealthy man wants to find some of his relatives to play with, he must go to the opera or the symphony which perhaps he does not like very well; or he must put up in some very exclusive hotel which is all front and plush furniture, or better, which is hard and cold like a diamond, without heart or warmth; or he must lie on the beach at some high-toned watering place where funny people go, and talk in an Eastern accent about things that do not matter.

**A**ND THE ancestors of the poor man are so great that they should not even be mentioned without bated breath. In fact, practically all the really great men and women of the past were related to the poor man of today through the blood-stream of poverty. We hear so little about this for the simple reason that the ordinary poor man does not brag. But whether he brags or not, he is a thousand times better off in his forebears than are the rich. The rich can point to Croesus as a mem-

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ber of their family, but who wants Croesus hanging around the house all the time? Solon intimated that the only thing Croesus was interested in was money. Most likely he dressed in loud suits and checkered ties. No. Croesus is not the kind of person that any family would want to boast about. Then, the rich man can point out the Napoleons, the war profiteers, the industrial tycoons, the Rothschilds and so on. Undoubtedly these are estimable persons, but they too are not of the kind that most of us would want at our dinner and supper table day after day and year after year. Most of us would not even be interested in calling them by their first names, a necessary requisite for membership in a family. A mere money-maker, and especially a mere money-holder-onto, is hardly anything more than a child who makes pies out of mud. And nobody would care to claim a child for his own, *only* because the child makes pies out of mud.

But look at the poor man. The metaphorical blood of the world's greatest flows through his veins. There were Mary and Joseph (a lady and gentleman of the highest stamp) who hardly had enough money to buy a loaf of bread. And the Apostles. They had to make a living by fishing much of the time. Most of the early heroes and heroines of Christianity were working people before they showed their greatness by giving up their lives for Christ. Catherine of Sienna, both the great and the little St. Teresas, Philip Neri, Cardinal Newman and Alphonsus Liguori, and too many others to mention, were all without riches. And all of them were relatives of the poor man of today. A glorious family, indeed! And who would want to disown such an ancestry by getting rich?

**T**HE POOR man is lucky in a thousand different ways. He does not have to make those conducted tours, advertised so highly in folders, from city to city and through one museum after another just because it is stylish to make such a tour. He does not have to shop in crowded department stores for things he does not need. He does not have to succumb to the artificialities of the age, like beauty parlors and reducing salons. If his wife's hair is straight, she washes it and gets the best she can out of it, but she keeps it straight. It seems foolish to her to fool people into thinking that her hair is curly when actually it is as straight as a string. She finds out that things can be done to straight hair by a bit of honest experimenting; and these she

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does, to the delight of her countless relatives (the ones spoken of above) and the disgust of her mere neighbors (the rich) who think that anybody who does not use all the modern means of making herself into something that she is not, and does not even look like, is out of her senses. Of course, the reason why the poor do not patronize these strange places is because they cannot. They have not the money. But the truth remains — they are the wise ones after all.

Then too, the poor man does not have to go to cocktail parties and steeplechases. A cocktail party is a more or less frequent occurrence in the lives of the well-to-do when all sorts of people mill around a room and drink liquor. From all reports on such parties, nobody has much fun except that which comes from drinking. The poor man is very lucky in being excluded from affairs of that nature. He would not have any fun either. A steeplechase has to do with horses and jumping over hedges and pools of water. This can be fun if it is gone about in the right way. But from the pictures one sees of such events, all the fun is squeezed out of them by the clothes the riders wear. The women look masculine and the men look feminine. And both look so buttoned up that they seem hardly able to breathe. If a steeplechase could be run in overalls, then the poor would miss something in not having the chance to take part. As it is, they are lucky.

**H**OWEVER, in spite of all the luck the poor have in being poor, there are a few disadvantages that should not be glossed over in a treatise of this nature. A poor man, if he lives in America, cannot look upon the Alps; and if a poor man lives in Europe, he cannot look upon the Rockies. And there are a multitude of other wonders of nature that the lack of money must ever keep concealed from the eyes of those who dwell in poverty. Extensive travel is out of the question unless the poor man is a sailor. Even then he is not given the chance to see things leisurely, which is necessary if he is to enjoy them.

This is a misfortune. At the same time it has its recompense. A man who cannot look upon a giant forest sees so much more in a simple tree that stands in front of his tenement. A man who never went hunting for big game in Africa or deer in Canada appreciates so much more the mongrel dog or the skinny cat that he has in his house. A man who cannot attend all the first nights on Broadway gets so much more joy out of his parish plays even though those plays exhibit no talent at all.



Deprived of the chance to take in the great things of the world which are calculated to bring him joy, he creates joy out of simple things. And perhaps that is the best of all.

Another disadvantage of being poor is the hardship of hunger. In every grocery store there is a cash register; and into that cash register goes the money that is given by customers in exchange for bread. Only with such an understanding will the grocer consent to do business. Thus the poor man must sometimes go hungry because he has not enough money to give to the grocer in exchange for food. This is sad indeed.

But it also has its recompense. The poor man can have a large family even though it is hard to feed a large family. What is it that might stop him from having a large family? Hunger? By no means. It is the thought that he will not be able to send *all* his children to Princeton. If he could afford to send only one child to Princeton, then he might be tempted to have only one child. But the poor man cannot send *any* children to Princeton. Thus it is even, and there will not be any jealousy on the part of the children or any heartaches on his or his wife's part. And it is his inability to buy large stacks of bread that proves this.

A SECOND recompense comes to the poor man who has difficulty in buying bread; and this also comes through his family. If children have all the bread they want from the moment they draw their first breath (bread here symbolizing everything that money can buy), they will most likely turn out to be soft and weak later on in life, at least in their wills if not in their backs. But where children have to go without bread now and then (not to the extent of starvation or inhumanity, of course) or where they have to give a bit of a hand in grubbing about for bread by selling papers or caddying at the golf links, why, they are bound to be better prepared for future hard things, no matter how hard those things may be. Poverty is the hand that does the strengthening.

The last disadvantage of being poor comes from the indifference of those who are not poor. It is hard to be passed up by those who are blessed with the good things of earth. It is harder still to be patronized by those who had the good fortune to receive university educations and who now call themselves sociologists and are in the hire of the city to clean up the slums. And yet even here there can be a recompense. People of that stature can be a source of great virtue for the poor. They can

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be the occasion of the poor's charity and kindness and forbearing. They can even be a cause of bringing the poor to a higher place in heaven.

**T**HUS, no matter what is said to the contrary, it is never a disgrace to be honestly poor. The only disgrace comes when people persist in being poor because they are too lazy to work, and thus make of themselves public charges without necessity. To be honestly poor, and not to complain about it or envy the rich, is to be on the right track. Nothing is said about the eye of the needle and the camel in regard to the poor. Something like that is said about the rich.

### *First Mass Indulgences*

The Church, in order to show how highly she esteems the Sacrament of Holy Orders, grants the following indulgences for those who do honor to it:

1) Seven years' indulgence to the faithful who devoutly assist at the First Mass of a newly ordained priest.

2) A Plenary Indulgence for the relatives of the newly ordained priest, up to the third degree inclusive, who assist at his First Mass, together with Confession, Communion, and a prayer for the intentions of the Pope.

\* 3) 100 days indulgence for those who devoutly kiss the palms of the newly ordained priest, either on the day of Ordination or on the day of the First Mass. \*

4) A plenary indulgence for the newly ordained priest himself on the occasion of his First Mass, having fulfilled the conditions of Confession and a prayer for the intentions of the Pope.

### PARADOX

Certain it seemed  
That in the night,  
I saw less well  
Than when 'twas light.

But lo! the dark  
Revealed afar  
The twinkling of  
A tiny star.

— *L. G. Miller*

## PATRONS FOR JULY

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Two samples of what patron saints should mean—and the usual monthly list of many patrons.

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### THE PATRON OF HOSPITALS

*(St. Camillus of Lellis, July 18)*

THE office of patron saint depends on election by the people. The choice is quite democratic, and usually calls upon time-tried friends of God to carry on in heaven their earthly hobbies and sympathies. In fact, less than twenty saints have received their jobs by papal appointment. St. Camillus is one who has. Two great Pontiffs have declared him to be "Universal Patron in Heaven, now and forever, of all hospitals and patients, and of all persons and Catholic organizations that serve the sick."

Interceding for ailing men is a big job, but St. Camillus is the logical man for it. His life-story starts when he was young and handsome and it is right up to-date in the matter of sowing wild oats. Romance and adventure led him into the army. And like a good soldier of fortune, he became a thoughtless spendthrift and a constitutional card-shark. After that came the age-old chapter of penniless disillusionment.

Then the good Lord took a hand in the story and sent Camillus a stubborn wound in his right leg. That was the beginning of his hospital career. The fearless soldier tasted for the first time pain and depression fostered by careless nursing. The bad leg became his inseparable companion for forty-six years; a rupture demanding an iron truss plagued him for thirty-six years; gall stones terminated after ten years in a painful operation; and for over two years the very sight of food nauseated him. In other words, Camillus qualified for his career the hard way.

He worked his way up to the post of a national Hospital Director with the well founded suspicion that hospitals, doctors, and nurses were unworthy of the name. Camillus went to work. First, he got himself a job in a hospital; then, he started a Nurses' Union; finally, he challenged the whole system and theory of hospitalization. Camillus did all his talking in the language of facts: new methods, new objectives, and new results. Plenty of soap and water for hospital floors, clean bandages,

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and sensible diets made offended hospital directors resign. A new remedy of Christian kindness and morale lifting was tried in all cases. The finishing touch to the work was the cure of the soul with the grace of God.

Catholic doctors and nurses often miss the secret of St. Camillus which lies in a deep practical faith. No patient was ever in his eyes a scientific problem or a part of a day's work; he looked right through the sores and contagion to the image of Christ. Brave man that he was, he gloried in sacrifice for the sick because it was the work of the Divine Healer of Nazareth. St. Camillus also led units of his workers to the battlefields and proved his devotion under fire. Whether it be for the fevered head tossing back and forth on a hospital pillow or for the shattered body of a soldier or sailor boy on the battle front, the ideals and intercession of St. Camillus will win the heart of God.

\* \* \*

### A SAINT FOR FLYERS

(*St. Christopher, July 25*)

A popularity vote should find St. Christopher near the top of the patron saints. Perhaps this is the reason his life has been a happy hunting ground for imaginative writers possessing a stock of pious anecdotes and fabulous frills. From the wreck they have made of the saint's history we salvage two facts: St. Christopher is not a myth but a hero of early Christianity, and he has been a faithful guide and protector of travelers the world over.

Both Catholics and non-Catholics invoke him as "Patron of Travelers." Aviators, the No. 1 travelers of today, are claiming a big share of St. Christopher's protection. The task facing the Army and Navy Air Corps of our country calls for more than a compass and a radio beam. Special dangers not recorded on the ship's instrument panel call for a gadget like a tiny medal of St. Christopher.

Airplanes are mechanical miracles, streamlined flashes across the sky; but they are not fool-proof or bullet-proof. Sometimes a moment's hesitation or the slightest factory error makes them total washouts. Cross-country flights and hedge-hopping are not the safest of pastimes for Air Corps Cadets. Formational, altitude or tactical flying with a motor that is liable to "conk" are tests of nerve and confidence. Even a well trained pilot can, with little effort, close his Luftberry circle too tight and wrap his propellor around the appanage of the preceding

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plane. No matter what enthusiasts say, flying is dangerous and there is a reason for the rescue squad on an airfield.

If good luck charms must be part of the aviator's equipment, why not have one outside the realm of superstition? A rabbit's foot, the leather salute, or other talismans are powerless when the odds are against them. But a healthy devotion to St. Christopher — not a childish superstition — can bring that extra-special help and confidence the airman needs. St. Christopher can intercede in Heaven with the Supreme Flight Commander of the "footless halls of the air." God may, however, want an individual child of His to bail out of the trials of this life. In that case, St. Christopher in his right as patron will demand for his fallen Ace the only Happy Landing that counts. A simple prayer like: "Okay, St. Christopher, take it away" is one worthy of brave men of the air.

\* \* \*

### OTHER PATRONS OF JULY

- July 1: St. Simeon the Husbandman: patron of farmers.
- July 2: St. Theobald: Hermit; patron of charcoal burners.
- July 6: St. Goar: Priest; patron of potters.
- July 7: St. Odo: Bishop; patron against thunderstorms and floods.
- July 8: St. Elizabeth of Portugal: patroness of Peace.
- July 8: St. Killian: Apostle and patron of Bavaria.
- July 9: St. Thomas More: patron of lawyers and of Catholic Action.
- July 10: St. Peter Abbot: patron against hailstorms.
- July 10: St. Amelia or Amalberga: Matron; patroness against bruises and fever.
- July 14: St. Phocas: Bishop and Martyr; patron of gardeners.
- July 15: St. Abhai: Bishop; patron against poisonous reptiles.
- July 16: St. Vitalianus: Bishop; patron against drought.
- July 17: St. Alexius: patron of beggars, of pilgrims, and of beltmakers.
- July 18: St. Odilia: patroness of the blind and of eye trouble.
- July 18: St. Camillus of Lellis: patron of hospitals, of the sick, and of nurses and doctors.
- July 19: St. Vincent de Paul; patron of all charitable societies.
- July 20: St. Margaret: patroness of pregnant women, of servants, of maids, and against evil advances.
- July 20: St. Jerome Emiliani: patron of orphans and abandoned children.
- July 21: St. Victor of Marseilles: patron of millers and against foot diseases.
- July 23: The Three Magi: patrons of Travelers and pilgrims.
- July 23: St. Christina: Virgin and Martyr; patroness of sailors, of archers and artillerymen.
- July 24: St. Godo: Abbot; patron against pestilence.
- July 24: Bl. Cunegund: patroness of Poland and Lithuania.
- July 25: St. James the Greater: Apostle; patron of laborers, of wax-chandlers, of pilgrims, of druggists, and against war and rheumatism.
- July 25: St. Christopher: patron of travelers, mariners, automobilists, and against sudden death and thunderstorms.
- July 26: St. Anne the mother of Mary: patroness of Canada and of women in labor of childbirth, of housewives and cabinet-makers.
- July 27: Bl. Lucia Bufalari: patroness of physicians, of nurses, of midwives, and against diabolical possession and consumption.
- July 30: Sts. Abdon and Sennen: Martyrs; patrons of barrel and tub makers.
- July 31: St. Ignatius Loyola: patron of soldiers and of spiritual retreats.

## *Blood!*

E. F. MILLER

The well-groomed, buxom lady was regally seated in the back seat of her sumptuous car. Gullivar, her driver, was behind the wheel. They were making their way over U. S. Highway 51 to a neighboring town where work was to be done for the benighted Mexicans—to make them more American, more progressive, cleaner in clothes and customs.

Of a sudden the well-groomed, buxom lady screamed,—a gentle, refined scream.

"Gullivar! Gullivar! Stop the car. That boy."

Gullivar brought the car to a respectful halt. He looked. A boy was lying motionless alongside the road. No one else was around.

Gullivar got out of the car, followed by the well-dressed, buxom lady. They approached the boy. When close enough to see him well, the well-dressed, buxom lady screamed again, covered her face with her hands, and fell away in retreat. The boy from face to feet was covered with red, a red now thick and caking.

"Gullivar, Gullivar! Oh! I cannot look, I cannot touch him. Call an ambulance, a doctor. Do something."

Gullivar made his way to a farm house. In fifteen minutes an ambulance with a doctor was on the spot. The doctor made his examination. The well-groomed, buxom lady, who did slum work for the Mexicans, hovered nearby in the background. She made strange noises in her throat.

"Here, you," called the doctor. "Come here."

"Oh, no. I cannot."

"Come here, I say." She approached.

"Put your finger in that red and smell it."

"No, no. I cannot."

"Do as I say."

She did. Her eyes opened. She smelled again.

"Now take a good look at what's inside this boy's waist."

She did. Her eyes opened wider.

"Tomatoes! That's right, tomatoes! And you call me ten miles to look at a boy covered with tomatoes." He glowered fiercely.

"But I don't understand—"

"Lady, when a boy goes to sleep with a blouse full of tomatoes, and rolls over on them in his sleep, he gets covered, doesn't he? Is there anything hard to understand about that?"

The doctor got into his ambulance and threw the motor into violent gear. The last word he was heard to say was, "Tomatoes."

## ROMANTIC RINGS

There is much more in the history of rings than many a young bride ever suspects. It is good that most of the superstitions have gone; good too that the symbolism of everlasting fidelity remains.

C. FARRELL

IT HAS been said that history runs in cycles. It might also be said that history runs in circles — romantic circles, or circlets, which men call rings. From the cradle to the grave rings weave their romantic circles about the lives of countless individuals. The cycle of life and death is entwined with the circlet of rings: rings at birth, at marriage, at death. Rings of Baptism, of Confirmation, of Penance. Rings at consecrations of bishops, of virgins, of kings. Almost every important aspect of life is bound up in some way with these romantic trinkets. Yes, history repeats itself, and so too does romance repeat itself in the ever-interesting history of rings.

Mythology proposes a fantastic explanation of the origin of the ring. Therein is found the story of Prometheus, who was the mythical founder of civilization. He stole fire from heaven and the enraged Jupiter punished him by chaining him to a rock on the Caucasus where a vulture was to feed forever on his vitals. But Jupiter relented in time and freed him; nevertheless, that the original sentence might not be violated, he commanded that Prometheus should wear on his finger a link of this chain to which was attached a small fragment of the Caucasus, so that it might still be said that he was bound to the rock. Thus, according to the ancients, Prometheus bound connoted the absence of rings; while Prometheus unbound connoted the presence of rings.

Others, however, claim that the origin of the ring is unknown. And from a practical standpoint this seems to be the case. Thus, ancient historical books, as well as archeological findings of the past, point only to their existence, leaving their origin somewhat in doubt. The oldest known ring that is in existence today is that of Cheops, King of Memphis, who erected the Great Pyramid for his monument. In the Books of the Old Testament is found mention of the ring which

Pharaoh gave to Joseph; this ring was discovered in the last century and provides us with one more romantic link with the past. The betrothal ring of the Blessed Virgin Mary is also still in existence and is an object of pilgrimage in the Cathedral of Perugia, Italy. From these instances it is seen that one of the ring's earliest uses was as a sign of authority. Later, it began to take on different significations. That it was worn merely as an ornament even in ancient times is proved from the Old Testament story of Judith, part of whose devastating finery were rings of gold and silver.

As a sign of fidelity also, rings came into very early use. This is evident in the case of those used in the marriage ceremony. However, there was always a close connection between rings as signs of authority and fidelity. Witness the fact that in early Roman times marriage rings were given at the same time the house-hold keys were handed over to the newly acquired wife, thus indicating that she now had full authority over the husband's household; until finally the actions became identical and the wedding ring became the ring of the keys themselves. Early Jewish history also reveals that Judaic betrothal-rings had a similar significance; for, at the ceremony of betrothal—which in the Old Law was as binding as the marriage ceremony—a band was placed on the woman's finger with the following prayer: "Be thou hallowed to me through this ring, according to the laws of Moses and Israel."

IT IS interesting to note that the marriage ring really evolved from the signet ring. Most of the early marriage rings were made with the signet of the husband. Signets trace their origin from the fact that in early times all communications were sealed with wax; and the master had his special seal with which he stamped all out-going letters to show that they were official communications. At first this seal was cut from stone and attached to the finger by means of string. But the string had to be replaced too often, and so it became the custom to attach the stone by means of a gold or silver wire. Later, wealth changed these stones to precious gems, and the wires became even more permanent works of art.

Modern society looks askance at a multiplicity of finger ornaments. Likewise, simplicity in the ring itself seems to be the order of our day. Yet it was not always thus. Formerly, large and ostentatious



rings were worn on every finger, including the thumb; and, moreover, some fingers carried more than one ring.

It is a general belief that rings, especially wedding rings, must be worn on the fourth finger (counting the thumb as the first finger) of the left hand. Various explanations are given for this custom. One of the most romantic of these is that the ancients believed a special vein, or nerve, ran directly from this finger to the heart, thus establishing a close bond between the two. Others maintain that this finger was chosen merely for practical purposes: the left hand because it was the hand least used, and the fourth finger on that hand for the same reason. Christianity indicates yet another reason. In the wedding ceremony of the Middle Ages it was the practice for the priest to touch with the ring the thumb, the first and second fingers of the bride's hand, while saying successively: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," and then to place the ring on the next finger while saying "Amen."

Be this as it may, the practice of wearing the wedding ring on the fourth finger of the left hand has not remained constant throughout the ages. It may be true of Rome, but other districts, in Spain and France for instance, favored the right hand and sometimes even a different finger. A study of some of the famous paintings of the Middle Ages depicting wedding ceremonies gives proof of this. Thus, Raphael has left us a testament of his time in his picture of the marriage of the Blessed Virgin to Joseph: Mary is depicted extending her right hand to receive the ring on one of her fingers. The mystical marriage of St. Catherine of Siena as painted by a Veronese also shows that devout mystic receiving the ring on her right hand; while Rubens' "Marriage by Proxy of Henry IV and Maria De Medici" shows Maria accepting the ring upon the index finger of her right hand.

**I**N THE centuries preceding the birth of Christ rings began to take on a definite social and political aspect. At first, only senators (and among them, only those of noble birth) were given the privilege of wearing gold circlets. Later, knights were accorded this honor; in the last years of the republic and during the time of the emperors, many others, even freedmen, enjoyed the same right. The women of the period, seemingly, were bound by no restrictions whatsoever. Wives of senators, wives of simple plebeians — all affected as many ornaments as

they could afford; and sometimes those they could not afford.

These pagan rings were constructed generally of gold or silver and inset with engraved precious stones. The engraving itself usually depicted a god or goddess, an emperor, or a symbolic pagan drawing. Some were worn simply because of the magic power attributed to the stone itself or to the material out of which the ring was made. For instance, the Romans in the fourth century affected an amulet made from the bone of an ostrich, believing that this type possessed magic powers. At this time, and even before, various other wonder-working charms came into existence. There were rings that were supposed to preserve the owner in health: that gave him the strength of ten men; that made the bearer invisible; that attracted the love of all beautiful women and the esteem of other men. (Truly, these were wonder-working rings!)

Other examples of such magical bands are the famous healing rings. A ring made out of the hoof of a rhinoceros was said to have efficacy against poisons. Also, those with toadstones set in their openings so that the stone could touch the skin were thought to give warning of the presence of poison by causing a sensation of heat in the skin at the point of contact. "Cramp rings," which came into existence during the reign of Edward II of England, were long looked upon as sure cures for cramps and even epileptic fits.

An outstanding illustration of what these wonder-working rings were is found in the operas of Richard Wagner. The "Ring of the Niebelungen" is a series of four operas whose marvelous story weaves itself romantically about a certain magic ring stolen from the Neibelings (dwarfs of the underworld).

The stones set in these rings were also supposed to possess magic power in themselves. Thus, the topaz was thought to give strength; the emerald, chastity; the amethyst, visions; the diamond, power to conquer enemies; the agate, fortitude; and the garnet, constancy.

But all this was before the time of Christianity. With the coming of that world-changing influence rings began to take on a new significance. Where they were in no way contrary to her doctrine the Church allowed them to remain; however, any hint of superstition connected with them was condemned. Therefore, wherever possible, she abolished the superstitions connected with them, or at least endeavored to turn them to a religious use.

FROM early Christianity down to the present day rings have played a spectacular part in the life of every Catholic. In fact, almost every sacrament has some connection, at least remote, with these romantic tokens. After a new-born babe has been baptized it is the custom in some countries to place on one of its fingers a tiny delicate ring. The child grows; and when it has received Confirmation, it is given another ring — at least this is the practice in some places. The giving of these two rings has no religious significance other than that of the fidelity of which the ring is to be a reminder for the child. But the giving of rings in marriage has a deep religious significance. So too is the ring a sacramental at the religious profession of certain nuns and the consecration of bishops. Marriage rings, nuns' rings, and bishops' rings all denote a state of espousal: by them man is joined to woman; woman is espoused to Christ; and bishop is wedded to his diocese. In ancient times, too, there were even rings of penitence which were worn by penitents while praying at the tombs of martyrs in reparation for sins committed.

Rings of general religious significance have existed since the first days of Christianity. Many of them were inscribed with scenes from the Old and New Testament — the Sacrifice of Abraham, the Good Shepherd, the Resurrection of Lazarus, St. Peter and the Crowing Cock. However, most of them were engraved with the mystic symbolism of the time — fishes, doves, crosses, anchors, palms, triangles, lyres. Inscription rings were quite numerous too, especially those worn by wedded couples; such inscriptions as "Spes in Deo," "Vivas in Deo," and "Vivat in vita" were quite common.

In the Middle Ages these chaplets were replaced by those bearing engravings of the Five Wounds, the Agnus Dei, and the Crucifix. There was even a Christian ring at this time which was supposed to make the wearer invisible, not in the heathen sense, but in the sense of invisible to the demons that might seek to attack the soul. This latter band was engraved with the words from the Gospel of St. Luke: "But He, passing through their midst, went His way." (The Jews of Nazareth, angry with Jesus, had endeavored to throw Him over the brow of the hill upon which their city stood.)

The betrothal rings of this period also bore the figures of patron saints, the Holy Rood, and the Divine Name; and the symbolism of the stones themselves was Christianized, so that the emerald stood for

chastity, the sapphire, hope; the garnet, charity, and so on. Likewise, during the days of persecution in England, the Decade ring came into prominence. This was a ring whose bezel was a cross, the sides bearing ten knobs. The entire rosary could thus be said by using the cross as the "Pater bead" and the ten knobs as "Ave beads." Needless to say, English Catholics who still possess these evidences of perseverance in the true Faith prize them very highly.

It was troublous times too, though of a different nature, which produced another famous ring just before the Reformation. Cesare Borgia, of the famous Italian Borgias, is said to have put away many a "friend" by merely shaking hands. He wore a ring upon whose bezel was engraved the shape of a lion; but its claws were hollow and contained deadly poison. The hand of Cesare's victim would be grasped in warm enthusiasm, the ring having first been turned inward so that the claw of the lion would prick the victim's hand and thus send him to a quick and unexpected death. These rings were known as poison-rings or death-rings, but they were seldom employed after the Middle Ages. However, amulets which contain poison to be used by the wearer himself when faced with certain death are still in existence. It was Hanibal who made them famous when he turned to the poison contained in his ring rather than face captivity among the Romans.

**M**ODERN life, though keeping the essential meaning of wedding rings and other kinds, has endeavored to make (and has succeeded in some cases) a few changes. As mentioned before, the wedding ring has become far less ostentatious than it was in former days. Now, instead of the unwieldy, even heavy ring of the past, the wedding ring is a simple loop of platinum or gold with diamond insets, or merely engraved with designs of ivy or oak. Another change which has succeeded after a fashion is the double ring ceremony at the marriage. This consists in the practice of the bride giving the groom a wedding ring in exchange for the one he gives her. There was great agitation in London some twenty years ago in favor of a law that would force men to wear wedding rings. And yet, this is not an innovation; the custom of the husband wearing a wedding ring has long prevailed in Germany and other European countries.

Even "divorce rings" have been suggested, to be sported no doubt as stripes or letters won in the school of lust. But this suggestion is

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perhaps only an example of one of the many modern idiosyncrasies — a tendency to brag about sins committed rather than to shamefacedly conceal them. And yet, if this practice were to become universal, it would save some of our modern divorcees much needed breath — breath they would far rather utilize in making further inroads on male susceptibilities. For, instead of telling all in gushing words how many men they have had and put away, they could just hold up their hand for all to see the three- four, or five rings reposing there.

But no innovation will ever touch the sacredness of the ring in general. Throughout the centuries, since the beginning of Christianity, the ring has been looked upon as something sacred. And it will ever remain so. For the ring is not only a symbol of authority and fidelity, but it is also a symbol of eternity. And, just as all circles are without beginning and without end, so too there has been and will always be endless romance in the rings of yesterday, today and tomorrow. A ring may represent life or death; joy or sorrow; love or hate. One single band may run within its eternal circle the whole gamut of human emotions. Truly, rings are circles of romance!

### —“V” For Victory—

The symbol “V” for Victory, which has become the watchword of the present war, was first used by Queen Isabella of Spain in 1492, the year in which America was discovered. Mr. William J. Dammarell, noted Catholic layman, points out that Isabella first made use of the “V” symbol after her victory over the Moors in 1492, a victory which led to the reconquest of Spain. A huge armorial banner was affixed to the walls of the Cathedral and the University of Salamanca. The base of the design carried this inscription: “To Christ the King and Victor.” The center of the shield was quite simply, and without a field, inscribed with the huge, dominating letter “V”. This was the original “V” for Victory crusading slogan known in Catholic history.

### —The Facts On Hair—

One square inch of human scalp contains (or should contain) 744 hairs. Now the average human head has a surface measurement of 120 square inches, which would mean a total of 89,280 hairs. At the age of 50 a man has lost by haircuts some 13 feet of hair, or about 1,160,640 hairs. As Robert Benchly might say, that’s a lot of hair.

## Three Minute Instruction

### WHY RITES AND CEREMONIES?

A not unusual phenomenon is for Catholics to hear non-Catholics ridiculing the many rites and ceremonies that are a part of worship in the Catholic Church. This should not cause a moment's discomfiture to any genuine Catholic, because those who ridicule thus are guilty of one of two kinds of ignorance, and both are ignorant of the compelling reasons why there must be ceremonies, rites, and rubrics in true worship of God.

1. Some who ridicule Catholic ceremonial are acting on the ignorance of error, i.e., they think that Catholics intend something that they do not intend at all, or rather, something that is strictly forbidden to them. For example, when a Catholic kneels before a picture of the Blessed Virgin or an image of a saint to pray, the ignorant think that they are adoring the picture or "worshipping a graven image." The truth is that Catholics are forbidden to adore anything but God, or to worship any graven image. They kneel before the picture to be reminded of the one it represents so that it will be easier to keep the mind on prayer. The custom of accusing Catholics of idolatry began with actual falsehoods; some making the accusation now do not know that they have been deceived by their masters.

2. Others who criticize rites and ceremonies in the Catholic religion do so because they have been brought up in total ignorance of the truth that there is a God, and that man owes Him any duties whatsoever. Certainly, if there were no God, it would seem foolish of people to kneel and bow and strike the breast and to do any of the other things pertaining to religious worship. But if there is a God, then it is not those who kneel to adore Him, but those who ridicule the adorers who are the ridiculous and ignorant persons.

3. The positive general reason for all the material and bodily elements in Catholic worship is to be found in the definition of religion: religion is the subordination of the whole man to God. That means the subordination of mind by belief, of will by virtue, of heart by love, of body by reverent gestures, postures and signs, of material things possessed by man by their use in divine service. If there be no rites, ceremonies, material things used in religion, then the *whole* man is not subordinated to God.

If Catholics learn to give an explanation of the essential meaning of their rites and ceremonies, they will draw non-Catholics into their faith. Human beings are instinctively drawn to express themselves in an external way especially in matters of religion; it is only false ideas and ignorance that can prevent them from so doing.

## PRIEST ON THE BATTLEFIELD

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In his own words, a priest-chaplain of the last World War gives a picture of a chaplain's job. Between the lines can be read what the priest means to the soldier.

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B. LANGTON

**I**HAVE never prayed that I might outlive this war and carnage where so many younger and better men are falling. But I have prayed the good God for grace to do my bit and not to flinch. I have seen men fall upon the ground hysterical under a persistent fusillade, others become insane. I have stumbled at night over some dead comrade, who, a few hours before, was full of life and laughter. I have jammed dozens into the ground by night and scraped a little earth on top of them before the battle was renewed at day-break. More than once as I went my rounds a machine-gun was turned on me and the ground ploughed up with bullets a few yards in front. I have lain in holes and crawled through gullies, or hidden like one of those lizzards under a rock when movement was impossible, and was fully conscious that the next movement might be my last. Yet, strange to say, by God's mercy — for it is not I — I have never experienced one moment of dismay."

These autobiographical details written by Father Bernard Kavanagh summarize the character and experiences of this Irish Redemptorist who served as a British chaplain in the last war. Born in 1864 and ordained in 1890, Father Kavanagh was already a seasoned missionary and parish-priest before the Great War broke over Europe. Despite his fifty years, however, he answered the call for Catholic chaplains and trudged close to the soldiers from his commission in 1914 until his death on the battle field at the end of 1917. In addition to his age, the new chaplain had other handicaps; he was fragile in build and he suffered greatly from chronic sciatica. These facts he advertized in the hope that they would win for him a dangerous assignment. Again and again he volunteered for the western front, only to be rejected because of his physical condition. Finally in 1915 the glad tidings came, and Father Kavanagh left England in a troop-ship sailing under secret orders. Through Gibraltar they went and through the Mediterranean until they reached Egypt. Father Kavanagh discovered that his home



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was a tent pitched on the hot sands and his work "not onerous, but troublesome, for there is much ground to cover and a heavy Mass kit to carry." But even this was too safe and comfortable to satisfy him, and he made repeated efforts to have himself assigned to more trying labors:

"On Thursday, our Senior C.F. arrived and summoned us all to a conference in which he said that a sudden and imperative call had come the previous day from G.H.Q. to send three of us to Mesopotamia, where dysentery and other diseases are taking a heavy toll. I volunteered at once, but he said that the principal Chaplain had already selected three of our young priests; however he was returned to Ismalia and would report my offer. . . . Since then I have had an interview with Mr. Horden who promised that if he had to provide any more, I shall go. 'Better,' said I, 'to risk an old life than a young one.'"

**S**EVERAL months later he snatched another opportunity of pleading for danger. This time he succeeded:

"The principal Chaplain passed through here last week, and spoke of putting me in a Hospital Ship for a temporary change. I was much obliged, but said that I would far rather go up to the front, as I have not yet seen the realities. He demurred, and said he feared the hardships would be too much, as it would probably involve sleeping out in the open, possibly under rain, and riding all day with my kit about me. However I am going to have a try. So I have just been posted to the 160th Brigade, which is now facing a strong Turkish force."

This assignment placed Father Kavanagh in the front lines of the Allied march on Jerusalem. That he was now in the thick of the war is clear from his account of Gaza:

"Gaza, surrounded by redoubts and advantageous points strongly fortified, remains impregnable, and after a long day's fight we have fallen back, having suffered heavy casualties. It began at daybreak with a long steady bombardment for two hours as arranged. Then we all moved forwards. The doctor and I agreed to stay together, as far as possible, and he settled to move his dressing station on and on close to the firing line. The direct objective of our Battalion was an entrenched hill which in our recent survey maps is marked Samson's Ridge; its highest summit is the enemy's chief observation-post between Gaza and the sea. As we advanced, the bullets spattered over us, and whilst the



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Doctor and I were cowering behind a small eminence, one struck him in the breast. This was about 8 o'clock. I helped to bind him up and carry him back; then waited for the sand-cart. Just as I started on, a whole procession of wounded men came in on stretchers, so I turned back to help our one remaining doctor. Mostly flesh wounds but some were shattered limbs, dreadfully painful. It was nearly mid-day when I set off again to see the battle, for I knew that the chaplain's presence does much to encourage the men. As I approached, bullets whizzed over me, and I took, of course, what cover I could. The battle was increasing in intensity, and soon I heard both sides firing rifles and machine-guns without one moment's cessation. I climbed Samson's Ridge, which was then cleared, and dropped down on the shattered side of the skyline by the side of our Colonel who had a flesh wound in the leg which he was trying to ignore. But a little later he was carried back. The wounded had been removed, but just behind me there were four men, and one in front, stone dead. I tried to compose their shattered limbs, then placed their helmets over their faces. Our Major had been left behind, two of our four company commanders had been disabled, four other officers were dead or dying. Our Adjutant was shot through the brain, and our telephone wires were disconnected. . . . Though there was a lull, our position all that afternoon was a very anxious one, with a young Lieutenant in virtual command, and a great gap on our left, through which the enemy, had he known it, might easily have enveloped us. Later the Brigadier rode up, and an experienced Major was sent from another Battalion to our great relief and benefit. Meanwhile bullets were whistling over our heads and occasionally shells were dropped around us. I shall never forget the deeds of heroism I witnessed. . . . It was an anxious search in the dark for the wounded, but by 2 a.m. we had collected them. By 3 o'clock we saw the last of them off, the worst in carts, the rest strapped on camels.

"These are great days, and I am delighted to feel that I have at last reached the realities. Of my small flock many are already dead, buried indiscriminately by the nearest chaplain, but all of them, save one, had received Holy Communion within a few days of their death."

**B**ETWEEN battles there were long marches in the most varied circumstances:

"No one was dismayed, no one hurried, whilst high explosives

dropped around. One of them fell about 30 yards from me, and shrapnel burst overhead, scattering a shower of bullets." . . . "The next day we marched in a downpour and got wet through, halted in a field of deep clay for some hours, advanced towards evening along a road deep in liquid mud, stood for nearly an hour in water, finally camped for the night in wet mud without shelter or food." . . . "We caught sight of Bethlehem as we passed over a hilltop. But just then we came under observation of the enemy who shelled our line of march for nearly an hour, and caused several casualties. I was walking at the time with my servant at my heels, and a bullet passed through his scabbard. Another man behind was killed, and I buried him at the next halt." . . . "Very solemn indeed is the march of an army through the desert at night — no talking, no smoking, no matches to be struck, for we knew not who was observing us. We went skirting hills and across wadys, sometimes a deep gully strewn with boulders."

The last of these marches brought them before Tel Khuweilfeh, where the enemy was entrenched. Father Kavanagh recounts the first day of the encounter :

"I pushed to the top of our hill and lay down in the firing line; then we crawled on our bellies to the sky-line, over which the bullets were spattering at long range. 'Now lads,' said the officer in command, 'prepare for a move.' And a moment after, we all pelted over the top together, then down and down a steep and strong descent, and ten minutes later found ourselves lying panting and bewildered in a gully at the foot. The sergeant-major stood up and shouted: 'I want six men to go forward; then another six.' I ran with the third lot, and we rushed down that gully, then up another and began to climb a most precipitous hill, just behind which the enemy were waiting. Presently an aeroplane swooped down on us, discharging a machine-gun, which knocked out several of our fellows. I got to the top and lay down amongst them behind the skyline, over which the bullets were pouring. Just before I got there, the Colonel was wounded — mortally, we fear, through the neck. In another half hour the sun set, and we began to climb down, carrying our wounded.

"After dark, I made my way to the ambulance behind the lines, where twenty men lay wounded or dying and more were coming in. I knelt beside them one by one, and said some prayers, in which they

joined fervently. One man, wrapped up in my only blanket, was in dreadful pain, but he prayed very responsively. I found the Colonel almost speechless, got him some water, and tucked him up to wait for the carts. I threw myself down in the dark, jaded, and touched something cold; it was a dead man. An hour later I went back to the man who was just expiring; then I took away my blanket, soaked in blood, wrapped myself in it, and lay down on a litter of stones, and slept between three dead men till dawn."

A FEW weeks after this, on the twenty-seventh anniversary of Father Kavanagh's first Mass, his regiment was engaged near Jerusalem, with bullets flying madly. "Don't go out there, Father, it's too dangerous." Father Kavanagh saw the peril; he also saw his men falling wounded. "If my boys can go out there, so can I." Across the battlefield he crawled to aid a dying soldier. The confession was heard; absolution was given. Scarcely had the sacraments been administered when the chaplain himself was laid prostrate by a Turkish bullet.

It was just outside Jerusalem that he was killed.

It was on the Mount of Olives that he was buried.

### Native Clergy

What is the actual state of the native clergy today throughout the pagan world? The following figures, contained in a recent Annuary of the Congregation of Propaganda, answers the question:

Indo-China: 1,267 native priests for a population of 22,000,000.

China: 2,026 native priests for a population of 471,400,000.

Japan: 134 native priests for a population of 80,000,000.

Africa: 300 native priests for a population of 139,000,000.

Korea: 107 native priests for a population of 6,500,000.

India (Burma): 2,595 native priests for a population of 352,837,778.

Total: 6,438 native priests in 7 pagan countries.

However, there are 103 major seminaries in mission territories with an enrollment of 2,927 young men, which will mean that the roster of native priests will be increased each year by 600 newly-ordained. Also, there are 206 minor seminaries with a total enrollment of 11,000 boys.

The outlet is not too dark.

*The Epistle.*

# PROFESSIONAL MANNER

*(A Short, Short Story)*

L. G. MILLER

Doctor Seabury's face showed no emotion; it only seemed a little more tired and lined as he straightened up from the bed of his patient. The little boy in the bed was unnaturally pale, and his eyes looked out listlessly from his pinched face. The doctor stooped and patted the boy's hand once or twice without a word, and then, with a curt nod to the man and woman standing there with drawn features, he walked from the room. The man followed him into the corridor.

"Well, Doctor, what's the verdict?" the man said. The doctor hesitated for just an instant.

"Do you want me to tell you the truth?" he asked.

"Yes," said the man.

"The boy doesn't look so good to me. We ought to operate in a few days, but in the patient's anemic condition, the chances of his pulling through wouldn't be so high." The man paled, and his face worked with pain.

"But, Doctor, you don't think — it isn't possible — that he may die, is it? He's our only child. We can't lose him. We just can't." The man's voice broke, and he wrung his hands in an agony of apprehension.

"Brace up, man," said the doctor, almost brusquely. "It's better for you to face the facts. I'll do my best to save him, but —"

"He's our only child, I tell you. Can't you realize what that means? Haven't you got a heart at all?" The man's voice rose higher, and he clutched the doctor's arm appealingly.

The doctor said nothing. He looked at the man for a moment, and his face still hid whatever emotion he felt.

"Good night," he said, finally. "I'll let you know in the morning what we decide." And turning on his heel, he walked briskly down the corridor.

A nurse passing by had heard the last part of this conversation.

"Old Seabury must have icewater in his veins for blood," she confided to a fellow nurse as they stopped to talk for a moment. "Some times I wonder if that man is human."

"I don't think he is," said her friend. "I've worked on a good many of his cases, and I've never seen him any different. I bet he could

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operate on his own mother, and wouldn't bat an eye if she died under the knife."

Dr. Seabury left the hospital and drove slowly to his downtown office. There were several people in the waiting room, but he passed through without so much as a glance at them. To his secretary, who looked up questioningly, he said, briefly:

"In a moment, Miss Brown."

Then he went into his office and locked the door behind him. On his desk was a letter, already opened. It had arrived the day before. Doctor Seabury took it slowly from the envelope, and read it again, although its words had burned themselves into his mind:

Dear Sir:

It is with deepest regret that we inform you of your son's death in action during the final day of fighting on Corregidor island. . . .

The doctor slowly replaced the letter in its envelope. Then he folded his arms upon the desk, and bowed his head upon them. No sound came from his lips, but the mask had fallen from his face, and grief was written there for anyone to see. For a moment he remained thus; then he pushed back his chair and rose to his feet. Once more he was Doctor Seabury, with icewater in his veins for blood. Going to the door of the waiting room, he unlocked it, opened it, and said to his secretary with quite unnecessary brusqueness:

"All right, Miss Brown. Send in the first patient."

### *The End of an Adage*

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who enjoyed nothing better than a clever repartee, was one day at an entertainment, and he found himself seated next to a little girl. Noting with amusement how she looked with longing at all the good things on the refreshment table, he said to her:

"Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made long before forks," said the doctor, smiling.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight: "Not my fingers."

— *The Catholic Sentinel*,

## MOMENTS AT MASS

### The Canon: Prayer for Ourselves

F. A. BRUNNER

After the *Memento of the Dead* the priest smites his breast like the publican in the Gospel parable and strikes out into a really audacious prayer begging a role in the great company of the saints: *Nobis quoque peccatoribus*.

"To us, too, thy sinful servants, who put our trust in the multitude of thy tender mercies, deign to grant a place and fellowship with thy holy apostles and martyrs — with John, Stephen, Matthias, Barnabas, Ignatius, Alexander, Marcellinus, Peter, Felicity, Perpetua, Agatha, Lucy, Agnes, Cecilia, Anastasia and all thy saints, into whose company admit us, we beseech thee, not on the weight of our merits but because of thine own free pardon of our offences. Through Christ our Lord."

#### *The antiquity of the prayer.*

The prayer is apparently an interpolation that disrupts the original compactness of the Roman canon; it was inserted probably at the same time as the *Memento of the Dead*, for just as this memento corresponds to that of the living, so the *Nobis quoque peccatoribus* parallels the *Communicantes* which follows the *Memento of the Living*. Whatever its origin, however, the prayer seems to be of great antiquity; a booklet, *A Brief Study of the Psalms*, wrongly attributed to St. Jerome but probably of the fourth century, quotes the conclusion almost word for word.

#### *The provenience of the prayer.*

The basic formulary was probably brought to Rome from beyond the sea, maybe from Antioch. The supposition is strengthened by several curious items. The list of saints makes mention of Matthias and Barnabas, for many centuries unnoticed in the Roman calendars, and includes St. Ignatius of Antioch who, indeed, obtained the martyr's crown in the Eternal City, but was almost forgotten in the liturgical tradition of that see. Then too, the meekness displayed in the close of the prayer ill accords with the stately tones of the rest of the canon.

#### *The list of saints.*

Notice the symmetry of the list of saints, an artificial arrangement — first St. John the Baptist, then two groups of martyrs, seven male, seven female.

## ON PAYING DEBTS

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Apologetics is the science which explores the reasonable foundations of the true religion. Every Catholic should be able to talk like this and succeeding articles.

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C. DUHART

THERE is one sure-fire formula for making a staunch Catholic grind his teeth. That is for him to hear a fellow adult Catholic give as the only reason for his Faith the fact that he was born of Catholic parents, that he might with equal satisfaction be a Shintoist or a Buddhist if circumstances had made him such.

A true Catholic must have a reason for the faith which is in him. It is splendid to compare the Catholic Faith to a beautiful symphony that enraptures the soul by its charm. It is fully in accord with truth to say that the Catholic Faith is like some glorious landscape painting of a consummate artist. It is no exaggeration to maintain that the Catholic Faith satisfies all the deepest and finest emotions of the human heart.

But far more important than all is the conviction, a conviction as immovable as the North Star, that the Catholic Faith is true. For faith above all has to do with reason, with a person's intellect or mind, enlightened, of course, by the grace of God. And that is why there is no fallacy so false and no calumny so unfounded as the trite statement that the Catholic Church is good enough for women and children, or that it has its place in the world only as an outlet for emotional souls.

The only Catholic who lives with his feet on solid ground is the man or woman or child who is a Catholic because the Catholic Faith is true, nay, the only true religion on the face of the earth. Now, many Catholics know in a general way why their Faith is true and all others are false. The purpose of these articles entitled "Easy Apologetics" ("Apologetics" meaning "defense of the Catholic Faith") is to give these Catholics a perfectly logical and sound, bed-rock foundation of reason for the faith which is in them.

But there is a second purpose in these essays. Not only priests or religious are called to be apostles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Lay Catholics have also been given that vocation. In fact, there are numerous occasions when they can prove more effective apostles than men or

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women in the clerical or religious state. Catholic men in army camps today are carrying aloft the banner of missionaries like St. Paul and St. Francis Xavier, and many a Catholic chaplain could tell how the waters of baptism flowed on the head of converts whose first steps were turned to the Church by apostles in khaki.

Years ago, the major task of an apologist was to establish the truth that of all Christian creeds the Catholic Church was alone the religion of Jesus Christ. Today, principal emphasis must be placed on a fact even more fundamental, the importance and authority of religion in itself. Because in a country like ours about half of the population practises no formal religion at all, the Catholic apologist must first establish the self-evident truth, which millions ignore, that God exists. He must go on to show that from the existence of God and the existence of man there follows necessarily a relationship which we call "religion."

In these essays, we shall establish three facts: 1) that there is such a thing as religion, viz., the dependence of man upon God; 2) that since Christ came, the religion which is blessed with the sanction of God is the Christian religion; 3) that of all the churches which profess to be the Christian religion, only the Catholic Church can prove itself to be the Christian religion established by Jesus Christ.

This article will content itself with showing that there must be such a thing as religion.

**D**O NOT expect to read a long, difficult process of reasoning. Religion rests upon the two most easily proved facts in the world: the fact of the existence of God and the fact of the existence of man. We are not embarking upon a difficult task; we are setting out to establish a proposition which is practically self-evident.

But there are men who deny the existence of God! So have there been men who have denied the existence of man. Many of the latter have been induced to inhabit padded cells. Many of the former have been persuaded to hold down college professorial chairs. Both have abdicated their reason; but those who have abandoned reason in the full possession of their senses have done the greater wrong.

Thank God for the common, ordinary people who are simple enough to know that they exist and men exist around them; simple enough to wonder how anyone should bother to defend any other thesis, since there would be no one against whom to defend it.



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Man exists, yes. But does God exist? Again, we warn you not to expect to be amazed by some complicated, abstruse reasoning process. Stay where you are, continue smoking your pipe, or rocking in your chair, and look at the first object which meets your eye. That object proves the existence of God. Is it your watch? You look at it and know with absolute assurance that God exists. You swing lustily at that mosquito which somehow penetrated the defenses of your screen system, and know that you are striking at a proof for the existence of God. You smile at your children and when your smile fades others lose sight of a proof for God's existence, but it is a proof which can be re-invoked each time the spirit of love or good-fellowship spreads a smile across your face.

A watch, a mosquito, a smile — each of them proves the existence of God. A watch tells a story of order, of intellectual design; a mosquito speaks of life; a smile is a reflection of intelligence. And order, life and intelligence, all three demand a God. We might have taken any other three objects, but these will suffice for our purpose.

**T**ELL the atheist that he is a fool for believing that his watch was made by a man who used his mind to bring order out of chaos; who arranged a thousand articles, each one singly having nothing to do with marking time, in so wonderful a manner that they could mark the revolutions of the earth on its axis. Tell him that the parts happened to fall together by chance. Tell him that the same chance has brought together harmoniously the parts of all the millions of watches in the world. Tell him that at Ford's Willow Run plant in Detroit, men throw together haphazardly a vast pile of rubber and tin and iron and steel and aluminum and gasoline and glass and paint; and brilliant, shiny bombers come rolling from this mass at the rate of one an hour — all by chance, guided by no mind and no plan.

Then while your atheist is gasping and wondering if your keeper is around the corner, ask him how the whole universe with all its wonders, all its order, came about by chance. Ask him how the giant stars and planets which dwarf our earth into insignificance, and travel with the speed of light, ask him how they always keep their orbit, never collide. Ask him how they came into existence at all. Ask him the origin of the tree against which he is leaning, ask him the source of that mysterious power which brings the tree back to glorious new life in the spring, after

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it has stood with scraggy, bare, dead arms reaching for the sky throughout the winter.

If your atheistic friend still wishes to talk, ask him about that mysterious power which propels pestiferous Mr. Mosquito. Ask him why brilliant chemists have never been able to create life. And when he parrots the age-old defense of atheists that there is no such thing as "life" since scientists have never found it in their test-tubes, remind him that he is like the country yokel. The country yokel had never seen a giraffe, and when at his first circus, the long-necked curiosity more than filled his eyes, he said: "I don't believe it. There ain't no such animal."

If your atheist is of the superior type and smiles at your naïveté in believing in God, thank him for offering you a proof for the existence of God as a being of intelligence. His smile expresses thought, thought, in his case, of a rather muddled, murky nature, but still thought. And he has been able to think, only because He Who created him is a Being of perfect intelligence. Else we would have the strange and impossible condition of a creature being greater than its creator.

God exists and man exists, but man exists precisely as the creature of God. The same argument which proves that a God was necessary to put order into His universe proves that a God was necessary to make that delicate, trigger-like precision organism of the human body, and the much more outstanding creation of the human soul, endowed with faculties of reason and will. Man exists in a relationship towards God, but in that relationship God is definitely the superior and man the inferior. And religion, that hard rock upon which so many would-be philosophers have floundered, is simply this relationship between God and man, with man as the inferior and God the superior.

**L**AST year in the Readers' Digest, one contributor wrote about the kind of religion which satisfied him. It seems he was a "nature" man. He wanted his religion straight. He felt he fulfilled the deepest demands of his religious nature when he stood on an ocean liner, enthralled by the vastness of the ocean, and the immensity of the skies, and the beauty of the stars, and the freedom of everything. He said that this was the kind of religion he wanted, that he didn't want to be cooped up in churches. All very fine, but who told him that it was up to him to choose how he wanted to satisfy the demands of his religious nature,

how to worship God? Hasn't God perhaps something to say about that?

We read articles today about "What sort of God do we want?" "What man expects of God;" "What God owes to man." And perhaps it has never entered the minds of the authors that it may be beyond their power to create the kind of God which suits them, that they may have a God already, that this God may have an unchangeable nature, that they are in no position to demand things from God, that if they had any common sense at all they would spend their days writing songs of joy and thankfulness that they have for their God and their Creator, a Being of infinite perfections, Who has loved mankind so much that He gave men a participation in His nature, by making their souls to His own image and likeness. Perhaps it has never entered their mind to ask what God expects of man, and what man owes to God.

The moral weakling may object that he did not freely assume obligations toward God and therefore cannot be bound by what he has not freely undertaken. A man crushed in an automobile accident is not conscious and therefore is not free to accept help from the doctor and hospital and the ensuing bills, yet he is presumed to be reasonable enough to accept them later on if he can. Reasonably all men are presumed to accept life with all its consequences, both its glorious rights and privileges and its duties and obligations which are well within their power assisted by God. If any man still insists that he will not accept these duties, let him cease demanding to be treated as a man. Let him stop thinking and loving and breathing and eating and drinking and speaking and walking; let him get off God's earth and out of God's sunshine and give back God's air.

**T**HE NEXT time someone tells you that religion is only an emotional outlet, tell him that emotion does play its role in religion. For emotions are part of man's nature and all of man's nature is in subjection to God. But point out to him gently but firmly that the fact of religion rests upon the strongest intellectual grounds, is based upon the two most easily proved propositions in the world—the existence of God, and the existence of man as the creature of God.

And the next time a man suggests that he has the right to serve God as he pleases, ask him when the watch ever decided it was superior to the watch-maker, when the formed clay began to dictate terms to the potter, when the human creature decided it could lord it over the Master of Creation.

## Side Glances

by The Bystander

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There is a special department in this magazine for book reviews, therefore the bystander refuses to allow his column this week to be called a book review even though it is all about a book. Every now and then a book comes along that rouses you fiercely in one way or another. We have just read such a book. It aroused us fiercely, even though it is the most urbane, gentlemanly, good-natured, simon-pure book we have read in a long time. It aroused us because it is a perfect sample of the smirking, self-satisfied but empty-headed priggishness that is at the same time the greatest curse and the greatest danger to the vitality of a nation.



This book is entitled "The Adventures of a Happy Man," by the well-known Channing Pollock. After reading the title (not without wincing), we turned to the date of publication. It was 1942. That raised the first unholy emotion. Bragging about happiness just doesn't seem to fit in any book published in the year 1942, even though it is about events that took place long before. However, that can pass. We turned the pages and found all the clichés, all the half-truths, all the unreasoned tolerance, and above all, all the shallow fondness for the turn of a neat phrase in place of willingness to think things through, that marks the educated dilettantes of our day.



For a typical example of words without thought, take the man's moanings about faith. He starts out by telling you that it doesn't make any difference whether you define faith as "believing what you know ain't true" or as "the evidence of things not seen." Enough right there to put Mr. Pollock down as a simpleton, and to cause you to close his book with the undignified words: "Why waste time on a fool!" His further elaboration of the subject of faith does nothing to raise him in your estimation. "What is true in what we believe we may never know, and it isn't vital that we should know. The vital thing is faith itself, and that it should be ennobling." Like saying, "it doesn't matter what you eat, bread or poison, sand or sugar, it is only important that it taste good." Or take this cosmic bit of twaddle: "Whether that God (in whom you believe) be Jehovah, or Jesus, or Mohammed, or Buddha, or merely Justice and Honor and Righteousness, matters little to me, who believes, above all else, that believing in Good is believing in God." In other words, God doesn't make or determine what is *Good*; Mr. Pollock makes and determines the Good, and then he makes that into God. Is it irreverent to say that God should have consulted Mr. Pollock before He made the world? Because Mr. Pollock thinks the world can get along without any particular God, but it can't get along without Mr. Pollock.

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Mr. Pollock begins one chapter of his book by narrating how he was rebuked by a lady who heard him describe himself in a lecture as a happy man, for the reasons we suggested above. He therefore describes how he reacts to the woes and sorrows of the world. "One way is to sit down and cry, and the other is to fight with all one's strength. I've chosen the latter and my rage burns up my tears." If Mr. Pollock is a raging fighter, then Joe Louis is a tap-dancer. Here is the way he fights (in a rage) vs. the cruelties of Hitler and Stalin: "I don't forgive Hitler his treatment of the Jews, nor Stalin his treatment of almost everyone, but perhaps I don't understand them. One needs to realize how little time we've had for development." Aren't those fighting words, though? He doesn't exactly forgive Hitler and Stalin, but he doesn't know just why he doesn't forgive them. Maybe they're right after all. Besides, he might add, "we and Adolph Hitler and Joe Stalin are just steps in the evolutionary progress of man. Let us alone. Things will develop gradually—maybe in another couple hundred thousand years."



In regard to every worthwhile topic of discussion a cliché or a smart saying is made to do duty for thought. In regard to kindness, for example, he says: "I never have thought that the man who did good in order to go to heaven should go there." (Again, it's Pollock vs. God—where was Pollock when God created heaven to win men to good deeds?) In regard to poverty, he cannot understand anybody ever being really poor who receives a living wage. (Has he ever heard of the thousands who never got a living wage in their life?) In regard to success, he has all the successful man's smug conceit about how it is achieved: "My own deepest assurance is that, of all things, success is least often an accident." With that, of course, goes the usual trite finger-pointing at Edison, Schwab, Ford and Carnegie. In regard to immortality, he offers us a cross between survival in our posterity and remembrance by the world for our own good deeds. There isn't an original thought nor even a solid truth in this whole bag of scintillating bits of bric-a-brac from a half-educated but witty mind.



These comments are caustic—but we warned you in the beginning that the book roused us fiercely. It smells so much of the "How to Win Friends, etc."—"How to be Happy Though Poor"—(by a rich man) "How to be a Lover of all Religions and a Believer in None"—"How to be a Gentleman" types of thing that it is hard to be mild with it. Of course it has many good things in it—soft-spoken rebukes against sloth, mild-mannered quips against indecency in literature, gentle little pleas for politeness and good manners, but if we had been asked to give the book a pertaining title, we should have called it: "How to be Happy by Not Thinking." If you want happiness that way, you may have it—with the monkeys.

# Catholic Anecdotes

## TAKING ORDERS

**B**ISHOP James Anthony Walsh, co-founder of the Maryknoll Foreign Mission Society, was habitually so kind and thoughtful of those around him that not infrequently people imposed upon him. Daniel Sargent, whose biography of Bishop Walsh was recently published, relates in this connection the following delightful incident.

Long before he was made bishop, Father Walsh was one day walking along the corridor of his Maryknoll seminary. One of the seminarians was using the telephone, and as the superior passed by, he heard the young man say:

"Keep my valise handy, and Father Walsh will pick it up for me the next time he goes in to New York."

The young man had not consulted Father Walsh before making such a blithe commitment, and when he turned around from the phone, he found his superior waiting to give him a good calling down.

The seminarian returned to his room quite chastened. But when Father Walsh went into the city a few days later, he brought the fatal valise back with him, and deposited it in the young man's room without a word.

## RECIPE FOR SLEEP

**C**ARDINAL Gibbons, author of *The Faith of Our Fathers*, was talking one day with the witty Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia.

"I don't know what the cause of it is," said the Cardinal, "but I haven't been able to sleep well the last few nights."

"What you should do," advised his friend, "is to read a book in bed until you feel sleepy. Then just lie back and drop off to sleep."

"And what book would you advise me to use?"

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"None better," returned Archbishop Ryan, promptly, "than a certain book entitled *The Faith of Our Fathers*."

### QUICK RESULTS

ONE OF the Missionary Catechists relates that not long ago she was instructing a class in the necessity of avoiding contact with bad literature, indecent pictures, and the like. One lad, who apparently had listened with much interest, raised his hand and asked:

"Catechist, how much longer will class last?"

"Just a few minutes," was the reply.

"Can't you make it just one minute?"

"But why are you so anxious to have class end?" asked the Catechist, somewhat disappointed, because the boy had seemed so interested in the instruction.

"Well," said the lad, "it's because I want to get home quick and take a picture off the wall and throw it away."

### NO OFFENSE

SISTER MADELINE GUERIN, one of the early Sisters of Charity in this country, had been used to a very easy life, but after she became a Sister, she delighted in doing the most menial tasks. Sister Xavier Farrell, in her book of memories, relates the following delightful story about her.

It happened that she was coming downstairs in her convent with a big pail in her hand, when she met the Chaplain, who was bringing Communion to one of the sick Sisters. Unaware that he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, she merely bowed to him.

Afterwards, when she found out the truth, she went to the priest and begged his pardon. But the good father only said:

"Why, what offense have you given? It was only that the God of all charity met a Sister of Charity performing an act of charity. How could He be displeased?"

# Pointed Paragraphs

## *The Home Defense*

We insist, as we insisted last month and as we shall continue to insist through future months, that the way out of our present difficulties is the way of prayer.

By prayer St. Gregory Thaumaturgus moved a mountain, St. Vincent Ferrer raised a dead man to life, St. Pius V saved Europe from the Turks. By prayer plagues and famines were stopped, sickness and epidemics were destroyed and wars and hatreds were terminated. History and innumerable witnesses attest to all these wonders.

Can prayer be weaker now in its powers than it was of yore?

Prayer supposes so many things that are pleasing to God, and calculated to move Him to mercy. It supposes humility. The very gesture of kneeling down tells the heavens of our weakness and our dependence on Almighty God. If the dictators knelt down and prayed, could they continue in their claims of being master men and women, laws unto themselves? We must pray in their stead.

Prayer supposes faith and confidence. If God sees that His people are willing, even anxious to accept Him as the greatest of all realities, will He not listen to them more readily than otherwise He would?

Prayer supposes steadfastness in resolution. One does not pray at all who prays but for a moment, and then when the favor is not given, gives up. God loves strong people, persevering people, and His ear is ever open to their pleadings.

Prayer can stop this war as though it had never started.

And yet, mothers and fathers with sons on the very firing line are as indifferent to the Mass, to visits to the Blessed Sacrament, to the daily Way of the Cross as though no danger hovered over their children. Brothers whose brother has been killed in action cry out bitterly against the enemy, and sign up to find revenge. But of prayer they think nothing. Only when we get on our knees shall we find peace.



### ***The Divine Office***

A movement that is bringing great consolation to those who love God is the practice, taken up by quite a few lay people, of saying a part of the divine office each day.

Private prayer is good. In fact it is essential. People are told time and time again that prayer means conversation with God; and so they are urged to talk, merely to talk in their own words, to their Divine Lord, telling Him of their difficulties and asking Him for assistance in their needs.

But it stands to reason that the *official* prayer of the Church must be even more powerful and salutary. The other kind of prayer should not be discontinued or discouraged. But it should not be considered the best or the only kind of prayer.

The office, or breviary, as it is called, is so powerful because the Church has decreed that it is the common method of giving praise to God in the name of all creation. Just as inanimate things, like stars and stones, give glory to God by the very fact of their likeness to God insofar as they have being as God has being, so does man give glory to God. But man must go beyond the stars and stones. Man must give glory to and praise the name of God *consciously*, with his reason and with the consent of his will.

Many people find it difficult to do this. They must work all day; and when they are finished in the evening, they are too tired to do anything except eat and sleep. Other people refuse to praise God and give Him the glory that is His right.

Those who say the office pray in the name of these people. They pray in the name of the church militant, the church suffering and the church triumphant. Each time they open their breviaries, heaven stands attentive, and the sorrowing souls in purgatory prepare to add their plaintive chant. The office *must* be a powerful prayer.

### ***Berlin Diary***

William L. Shirer's diary (the one he kept while he was traveling through Europe before the war broke out) has received great publicity in the United States. Many people have read the book, and many articles have been written about the book, most of which were favorable and flattering.

But not everything that Mr. Shirer did and which he reports in his book can meet the approval of men who are completely educated in mind and will. For example, this is the entry for January 11, 1934. "During my leisure moments I have been reading Trotsky, Spengler, Wells, Shaw, Ellis, Beard, Hemingway, Dos Passos and Dreiser."

It would be difficult to concoct a finer dish of mental poison than the above. If Mr. Shirer escaped mental paralysis, it was due to the fact that he did not understand what he was reading, or he was so strong that even intellectual earthquakes could not disturb his intellectual equilibrium, or he was immune to the effects of the most infectious germs.

Whatever the reason, Mr. Shirer seems to have escaped, for he is thoroughly opposed to Nazism—that Nazism which merely preaches in a more concrete form what some of the above books preach in a more theoretical form.

Quite definitely there is a reason for the Index of Prohibited Books made by the Catholic Church for all her children. Preachments against current political evils as well as social evils can have no effect on minds that have been shaken in their belief in God, the difference between right and wrong and the dependence of man on his Creator.

We certainly would not advise people to follow the example of Mr. Shirer in the type of reading they patronize for the whiling away of an hour or two.

### ***Vacation Without a Car***

We hazard the statement that our highways and trunklines will be much freer of traffic this summer than they have been for many a long year. The present state of most tires, after a couple of months of rationing, will not permit trips beyond a short run now and then down town for shopping purposes or a careful journey to the station to pick up out of town visitors who are coming to the house for the week-end.

This will constitute a major sorrow for many Americans. Without a car they will feel as helpless as a babe in arms. And without a trip to the mountains, the summer resort or the seashore during the vacation months they will feel as abandoned as a monk buried deep in the desert.

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Yet, the curtailment of car-using will not be without blessing.

Many people have forgotten that their legs were given to them primarily for the purpose of walking. To all intents and purposes those legs in the past might have been made of wood, or affixed to the body merely as a means of adornment like a dummy in a show window. Insofar as people refused to use them for walking except in cases of extreme necessity, the general health of the American body has suffered. Fatness and shortwindedness are but two of the misfortunes that have set in; and weekly violent handball games or tennis matches have not helped the situation.

Now people will have to walk whether they want to or not. We can expect an upturn in the general health, and a thinning out of massage places, turkish baths and rubbing institutes.

Furthermore, people will have to find their recreation at home. This too is a lost art. Homes have been looked upon as places in which to sleep and eat, and that is all. No longer can such a condition persist. The sitting room will come back into its own. Parents and children will become acquainted, and brothers and sisters will have a chance to learn a little more about one another beyond their first and last names.

There are greater evils in the world than gasoline and tire rationing.

### *Two Kinds of Vivisection*

Under the heading "Fiendish Torturing" a certain Dr. George Starr White goes out all the way for his fellow animals. We feel rather reluctant to take Dr. White seriously on account of his middle name. Any man who has "Starr" for a middle name and does not conceal it, is on the down-grade. But Dr. George "Starr" White's complaint is that the vivisectors are not treating animals right. They cut them up, plunge into their brains, even use their surgeon's knives on "beautiful imported cats that have blue ribbons on their neck." Alongside his article there is a series of pictures. Under one such picture (that of a monkey) there is the story: "This monkey feels pin-prick which results in infantile paralysis. Hundreds of thousands of animals are sacrificed every year by vivisectors." Orchids (as Mr. Winchell would say) to Dr. White. We could go him one better, however. There are a lot of unborn animals with human souls that are being sacrificed to vivisectors every year. Too bad something wasn't said about these.

# — L I G U O R I A N A —

## EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

### The Vanity of the World

Such were the attractions of our divine Saviour, and such the sweetness with which He received all, that He drew after Him thousands of people. He one day

From: *s a w Himself*  
 Abridged Sermons *surrounded by a*  
 For All Sundays *great multitude*  
 of the Year *of men, who*

followed Him and remained with Him three days, without eating anything. Touched with pity for them, Jesus Christ said to His disciples: *I have compassion on the multitude; for behold they have been with Me three days, and have nothing to eat.* He, on this occasion, wrought the miracle of the multiplication of the seven loaves and a few fishes, so as to satisfy the whole multitude.

This is the literal sense; but the mystical sense is that in this world there is no food which can fill the desire of our souls. All the goods of this earth — riches, honors, and pleasures — delight the senses of the body, but cannot satiate the soul which has been created for God, and which God alone can content. I will therefore speak to-day on the vanity of the world, and will show how great is the illusion of the lovers of the world, who lead an unhappy life on this earth and expose themselves to the imminent danger of a still more unhappy life in eternity.

The goods of the world are but apparent goods, which cannot

satisfy the heart of man. *You have eaten*, says the prophet Aggaeus, *and have not had enough.* Instead of satisfying our hunger they increase it. "These," says St. Bernard, "provoke rather than extinguish hunger." If the goods of the world made men content, the rich and the powerful should enjoy complete happiness; but experience shows the contrary. We see every day that they are the most unhappy of men; they appear always oppressed by fears, by jealousies and sadness. Listen to King Solomon who abounded in these things: *And behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit.* He tells us that all things in this world are vanity, lies, and illusion. They are not only vanity, but also affliction of spirit. They torture the poor soul which finds in them a continual source, not of happiness, but of affliction and bitterness. This is a just punishment on those who instead of serving their God with joy, wish, to serve their enemy—the world—which makes them endure the want of every good. Man expects to content his heart with the goods of this earth; but, howsoever abundantly he may possess them, he is never satisfied. Hence he always seeks after more of them, and is always unhappy.

The prophet Osee tells us that the world holds in its hand a deceitful balance. *He is like Chanaan (that is the world); there is a deceitful balance in his hand.* We

must, then, weigh things in the balance of God, and not in that of the world, which makes them appear different from what they are. What are the goods of this life? *My days, says Job, have been swifter than a post; they have passed by as ships carrying fruits.* The ships signify the lives of men, which soon pass away, and run speedily to death; and if men have labored only to provide themselves with earthly goods, these fruits decay at the hour of death: we can bring none of them with us to the other world. We, says St. Ambrose, falsely call these things our property, which we can not bring with us to eternity, where we must live forever, and where virtue alone will accompany us. You, says St. Augustine, attend only to what a rich man possessed; but tell me, which of his possessions shall he, now that he is on the point of death, be able to take with him? The rich bring with them a miserable garment, which shall rot with them in the grave. And should they, during life, have acquired a great name, they shall be soon forgotten. *Their memory hath perished with a noise.*

Oh! that men would keep before their eyes that great maxim of Jesus Christ—*What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?* If they did, they should certainly cease to love the world. What shall it profit them at the hour of death to have acquired all the goods of this world, if their souls must go into hell to be in

torments for all eternity? How many has this maxim sent into the cloister and into the desert? How many martyrs has it encouraged to embrace torments and death?

Behold a sinner whom the riches and honors which he had acquired made an object of envy to others. Death came upon him when he was at the summit of his glory; and he is no longer what he was. *I have seen the wicked highly exalted, and lifted up like the cedars of Libanus; and I passed by, and lo! he was not; and I sought him, and his place was not found.*

These truths the unhappy damned fruitlessly confess in hell, where they exclaim with tears: *What hath pride profited us? or what advantage hath the boasting of riches brought us? All these things are passed away like a shadow.* What, they say, have our pomps and riches profited us, now that they are all passed away as a shadow, and for us nothing remains but eternal torments and despair? If at the awful moment of death we shall be found to have attended only to the accumulation of earthly goods, we shall be called fools, and shall receive the reproach addressed to the rich man in the Gospel, who, after having reaped an abundant crop from his fields, said to himself: *Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thy rest, eat, drink, make good cheer. But God said to him: Thou fool, this night do they require thy soul of thee.*

# New Books and Old

"The first test of our practical Catholicity is to be found in the depth and breadth of our knowledge of what the church teaches in the name of Christ . . . the man whose knowledge of things Catholic is not proportionate to his general education, his professional standing, or to his position in business or society does not meet this test of practical Catholicity." These forthright words were spoken by Archbishop Mooney some months ago before a

## Analysis of Modern Culture

Knights of Columbus convention, and they afford a good introduction to the two books before us. These books are distinctly not light reading; they offer a challenge to the mind, they require a certain measure of concentration. And yet if educated Catholics, especially college graduates, ignore books such as these, the simple truth remains that they are not practical Catholics in the full sense of the word, because they are not using their talents and acquisitions to understand the position of the Church, and to do their part in applying Catholic remedies to the sorry conditions of the day. *Is Modern Culture Doomed?* by Andrew J. Krzesinski (Devin-Adair, pp. 176, \$2.00) surveys from the Catholic rock of vantage all the manifestations of what we call the modern way of life, and seeks to answer the question: what is to be its fate? No Catholic can shrug his or her shoulders and say: It's no concern of mine what happens to our civilization. All Catholics have the prime duty of unwearying prayer for God's guidance. But educated Catholics have the further duty of taking an active part in the fashioning of the new world. Father Krzesinski in his very searching little book outlines clearly for us the shape and characteristics of modern or materialistic culture, which is opposed in many ways to our Christian or traditional culture. This modern culture is responsible first of all for the rank individualism and selfishness of our com-

*A column of comment on new books just appearing and old books that still live. THE LIGUORIAN offers its services to obtain books of any kind for any reader, whether they are mentioned here or not.*

mercial era. Each individual is sufficient unto himself; his goal is to make as much money as possible, even if his neighbors all starve while he is doing it. Such a man is necessarily blinded to any

reality other than that of the senses; more often than not he is an atheist, whether he gives verbal expression to his atheism or not. From his materialism and atheism springs his belief in the omnipotence and unlimited future of science. In literature and art, his tastes run to stark realism; he is obsessed with sex, because for him the only reality is the reality of the flesh. To pamper the flesh becomes his one supreme concern in life, and he admits no higher law or restraint. But for this very reason the modern becomes marked with inconstancy and dissatisfaction. The human thirst for happiness demands far more than mere animal pleasure and comfort, and hence disillusionment and bitterness and deep pessimism are inevitably the lot of those who place their hopes in such pleasures. All this goes to make up a rather depressing picture of the modern culture to which so many Americans are given over. And yet who will say that the picture is over-drawn? Many of our friends and neighbors—perhaps we ourselves—testify in their own lives to some detail of its truth.

And when we turn to *Mechanization and Culture*, by Walter John Marx (Herder, pp. 243, \$2.00), we find a summary of current conditions that is equally depressing. Dr. Marx' purpose is to examine the effects which the rise of machinery has had upon the traditional way of life. His book is well documented and filled with practical instances in support of his contentions. His first chapter shows clearly that the staggering increase in unemployment in the last twenty years is tied in very closely with the increased use of machinery in place of human labor. Mechanization has also had far-reaching effects upon farmers, displacing

and ruining thousands of them, and driving them to the cities where they continued to be unemployed. But increasing mechanization is not only affecting human beings, it is affecting our natural resources as well. The author here quotes some foreboding estimates by leading authorities as to our limited supply of coal, iron ore, etc. Mechanization has had its effect finally upon the nature of work, degrading it to something entirely automatic, and this in turn has brought about a different attitude towards leisure time. Time off from work for most laborers has become an interval of frantic escape from any kind of effort. Work as a hobby, as something ennobling in itself, has lost its meaning.

All this is not very heartening, but the remarkable fact about both these books is that despite their mistrust of modern trends and their forebodings of the future, both end upon an unmistakable note of optimism. Both of these authors are Christians and Catholics, and both of them believe firmly that a Catholic has no right to be anything but an optimist, since he knows that God's Providence is over all, drawing good from evil, and guiding all things towards the ultimate happiness of man. This faith furthermore is vouched for by the lessons of history, and hence these authors envisage a new and glorious era for the traditional Christian culture. Modern culture, as portrayed by Father Krzesinski is breaking up under its own weight, and Dr. Marx believes that mechanization of life contains in itself the seeds of its own destruction. What the future holds is hidden from us, but instead of being discouraged, we must do our part, each of us in his own sphere, to bring about, as far as we can, the renewed triumph of our Catholic philosophy of life. In that, we firmly believe, lies the salvation of the world.

The new *Concordance to the Bible*, by Rev. Newton Thompson and Raymond Stock (Herder, pp. 1255, \$7.50) is a monumental piece of work, and deserves a place, we think, in every

Catholic institution in the country. We have been told that this is the first Catholic concordance in English, and it must have cost immense labor on the part of its editors. The texts supplied under each entry are arranged according to the order of their

appearance in the Bible. Under the word "mercy," for instance, will be found no fewer than 400 citations in which that word appears; under the word "faith" appear some 250 applicable texts. The book is substantially bound and well printed and should make a useful addition to any library.

From the Catholic Literary Guild comes *The Savior of the World*, by Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. (pp. 199, \$1.50). The book is a series of short chapters on the nature and personality of Christ. The first twelve chapters, as Father Herbst remarks in his Foreword, may be found rather profound by the uninstructed reader, since they are almost entirely dogmatic in content, touching on the mysterious intermingling of divinity and humanity in Christ. Beginning with Chapter 21, Father Herbst presents a number of short sermons grouped around the words spoken by Our Savior on the Cross, and these, we believe, offer the most readable portion of the book.

Also from the pen of Father Herbst comes *Courageous Children* (Salvatorian Fathers, St. Nazianz, Wis., pp. 228, \$1.35). Translated from the original of M. Schmidtmayr, this book presents a number of biographies of saintly children who died within recent years. One little American is represented, Margaret Mary Peskula, who died in 1933. Teachers and those who have the care of children will find this volume and its predecessors useful in their work of instructing and inspiring their young charges with high ideals.

Many Catholic organists are handicapped in their desire to conform with the wishes of the Church in regard to Church music by their lack of opportunity to become proficient in the types and methods favored by the Church. We are glad to

put before them the notice of a newly inaugurated *Catholic Choirmasters Correspondence Course*, centered at St. Albertus College of Racine, Wis. The course consists of 110 text lessons covering such subjects as Liturgy, Elementary Chant theory, Rhythm, Male Choir Training, and Polyphony. The faculty is made up of outstanding figures in the field of Liturgy and Church music. Anyone interested should write to the Gregorian Institute, Room 1105, 300 Madison Ave., New York City—L. G. M.



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## Lucid Intervals

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"If you had eight pennies and lost three, how many would you have left?" Little Cohen thought for a minute. "But for vy," was his puzzled reply, "should I lose three pennies?"

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An Italian was being examined for citizenship. The first question which the judge asked was: "How many states are there in the Union?"

"Donno, judge," replied the Italian. "I ask you how many banan' in a bunch. You donno. You know your biz, I know mine."

\*

After an immense amount of trouble, the vicar of a country parish succeeded in reconciling two old women who had been quarreling for years. He even induced them to meet under the vicarage roof.

In his drawing-room they shook hands. After an embarrassed silence one of them said:

"Well, Mrs. Tyler, I wish you all you wishes me."

"An' who's saying nasty things now?" snapped Mrs. Tyler.

\*

"Did you cancel all my engagements, as I told you, Smithers?"

"Yes, sir, but Lady Millicent didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday!"

\*

A Negro preacher from a neighboring town was to conduct the services. This is the way he began his discourse:

"Breddern an' sistahs, I've got a five dollar sermon, an' a two dollah sermon, an' a one dollah sermon. De deacons will now pass de plate so I will know which o' dem sermons dis congregation wants to heah."

\*

A Scotchman returned to his native land after a thirty-year absence. Preparatory to his leaving America he wrote and asked his brothers to meet him at the station, and upon his arrival at the home town was met by two bearded men whom he had difficulty in recognizing.

"Why the beards?" he asked. "Dinna ye remember, Donald?" replied they. "You took the razor with you."

A six-year-old youngster had seen his first football game. The feature that caught his chief approval became evident when he concluded his prayers that night with:

God bless mama,  
God bless papa,  
God bless Freddie,  
Rah! Rah! Rah!

\*

"Fellow-trabelers," said a colored preacher, "ef I had been eatin' dried apples for a week, and then took to drinkin' for a monf, I couldn't feel more swelled up dan I am dis minit wid pride and wanity at seein' such full 'tendance har dis evenin'."

\*

"Phwat did you get for your birthday, Pat?"

"A pair of opera glasses."

"And are they any good?"

"Foine! Ye see that church about a mile from her? Well, these glasses bring it so close that ye can hear the organ playing."

\*

Anita: "You're really sure you love me?"

Andrew: "Love you? Why, darling, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night your dog bit a piece out of the calf of my leg and I never noticed it till I got home."

\*

A negro preacher holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the command of God, says:

"Bredren, whatever God tells me to do in dis book (holding up the Bible), dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in dat I must jump troo a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Going troo it 'longs to God, jumpin' at it 'longs to me."

\*

The following notice was tacked to the door of a village church:

"There will be preaching in this church a week from next Wednesday, Providence permitting, and there will be preaching here whether or no on Monday following, upon the same subject, He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned at 3:30 in the afternoon."



## MORAL CHECK-UP

The long-promised booklet entitled "Examen for Laymen" has at last come from the printing presses and is now immediately available to all who want copies. It is a 96 page pamphlet that is being sold, as promised, for 10 cents a copy.

It contains the following: 1) a short explanation of the virtue of the month; 2) a thorough examination of conscience in self-questioning form on a distinct virtue for each month of the year, *with a clear division of sins into mortal and venial*, and a section of questions added concerning helps and counsels for the practice of the virtue under consideration; 3) an appropriate prayer after each examination containing sentiments of sorrow for past sins of a particular kind and promises of fidelity for the future; 4) an ejaculatory prayer pertaining to the virtue of the month to be used frequently during each day.

The booklet is therefore adapted to every Catholic's need. It will be of special value to those making retreats, for men in camps and at the front, for persons desiring enlightenment on the meaning of the various virtues and progress in practicing them.

Order the *Examen for Laymen* from The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, at 10 cents a copy, \$7.00 a hundred for more than a hundred copies.

If you are interested in The Mothers' Saint and in the League of St. Gerard, an organization devoted to the twofold aim of obtaining the intercession of the wonder-worker, St. Gerard, in behalf of mothers in need, and of combating the forces of anti-life in the world, write to The Liguorian Pamphlet Office for information and for a five-cent pamphlet entitled "The Mothers' Saint."

# Motion Picture Guide

**THE PLEDGE:** I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

## REVIEWED THIS WEEK

Atlantic Convoy  
Bambi  
Cyclone Kid, The  
In Old California  
Magnificent Dope, The  
Strictly in the Grove

## PREVIOUSLY REVIEWED

About Face  
Alias Boston Blackie  
Always in My Heart  
Arizona Bound  
Bad Man of the Hills  
Bashful Bachelor, The  
Below the Border  
Billy the Kid's Smoking Guns  
Billy the Kid Trapped  
Birth of the Blues  
Boothill Bandits  
Born to Sing  
Bowery Blitzkrieg  
Broadway Big Shot  
Bullets for Bandits  
Canal Zone  
Castle in the Desert  
Code of the Outlaw  
Courtship of Andy Hardy, The  
Cowboy Serenade  
Dangerously They Live  
Dawn Express, The  
Devil's Trail, The  
Down Rio Grande Way  
Dudes Are Pretty People  
Ellery Queen and the Murder  
Ring  
Enemy Agent  
Escape from Hong Kong  
Eternal Gift, The  
Fingers at the Window  
Friendly Enemies  
Frisco Lil  
Gay Caballero, The  
Ghost Town Law  
Girl from Alaska  
Glory of Faith, The  
Gold Rush, The  
Golgotha  
Half a Sinner  
Hayfoot  
Heart of the Rio Grande

Hello Annapolis  
Henry and Dizzy  
Hidden Gold  
Home in Wyomin'  
House of Errors  
Invaders, The  
It Happened in Flatbush  
Jesse James, Jr.  
Kid Glove Killer  
Law of the Jungle  
Law of the Timber  
Lawless Plainsman  
Legion of the Lawless  
Life Begins for Andy Hardy  
Life Begins in College  
Little Flower of Jesus  
Lone Rider in Cheyenne  
Lone Rider Rides On,  
Lone Star Ranger  
Ma, He's Making Eyes at Me  
Mad Martinis, The  
Mad Men of Europe  
Man from Headquarters  
Marry the Boss's Daughter  
Mayor of 44th Street  
Mikado, The  
Military Academy  
Miss Annie Rooney  
Mississippi Gambler  
Mister V  
Mokey  
Monastery  
Mrs. Miniver  
My Favorite Blonde  
My Favorite Spy  
Navy Blue and Gold  
Nazi Agent  
North to the Klondike  
On the Sunny Side  
Pacific Blackout  
Pacific Rendezvous  
Perpetual Sacrifice, The  
Pierre of the Plains  
Prairie Gunsmoke  
Pride of the Blue Grass  
Prime Minister, The  
Private Buckaroo  
Private Snuffy Smith  
Queen of Destiny  
Raiders of the Range  
Reap the Wild Wind

Remarkable Andrew, The  
Ride 'Em Cowboy  
Riders of the Northland  
Right to the Heart  
Rock River Renegade  
Rolling Down the Great Divide  
Romance of the Range  
Scatterbrain  
Sealed Lips  
Secret Agent of Japan  
Ships With Wings  
Small Town Deb  
Sons of the Sea  
S O S Coast Guard  
So's Your Aunt Emma  
South of Santa Fe  
Stage Coach Buckaroo  
Stage Coach Express  
Stardust on the Sage  
Story of the Vatican, The  
Submarine Raider  
Sued for Libel  
Suicide Squadron  
Sundown Jim  
Sunset on the Desert  
Tarzan's New York Adventure  
Ten Gentlemen from West Point  
They Raid by Night  
This Time for Keeps  
Thunder River Feud  
Tonto Basin Outlaws  
Top Sergeant  
Top Sergeant Mulligan  
Torpedo Boat  
To the Shores of Tripoli  
Trail of the Silver Spurs  
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp  
True to the Army  
U-Boat 29  
Undercover Man  
Unseen Enemy  
West of Tombstone  
What's Cookin'  
When Knights Were Bold  
Whispering Ghosts  
Wild Bill Hickok Rides  
Wings for the Eagle  
Wlozegi  
Yank on the Burma Road, A  
Yankee Doodle Dandy  
Yukon Patrol

